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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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JUSSERAND WITH THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN PARIS, 1910
Photo by Rol, Paris. Copy furnished by Roosevelt Memorial Association, Inc.

This Virtue

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.50.

THE WINDING STAIR AND OTHER POEMS. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Away south upon another mountain a medieval tower, with no building near nor any sign of life, rose into the clouds. I saw suddenly in the mind's eye an old man, erect and a little gaunt, standing in the door of the tower, while about him broke a windy light. He was the poet who had at last, because he had done so much for the word's sake, come to share in the dignity of the saint. He had hidden nothing of himself, but he had taken care of "that dignity . . . the perfection of form . . . this lofty and severe quality . . . this virtue." And though he had sought it for the word's sake, or for a woman's praise, it had come at last into his body and his mind.

THAT is from among the "Discoveries" of William Butler Yeats, in "The Cutting of an Agate," and it defines him for me, though it was written about another. It is out of his distinguished prose, but you will find the same quality all through his "Collected Poems," the definition emerging more and more clearly in the work of his maturity. In the early work, in the front of the book, appears the young Yeats who, as he has told us, "took from Allingham and Walsh their passion for country spiritism, and from Ferguson his pleasure in heroic legend, and while seeing all in the light of European literature found my symbols of expression in Ireland." In "Hodos Chameliontos" he says:

> I thought that for a time I could rhyme of love, calling it *The Rose,* because of the Rose's double meaning; of a fisherman who "had never a crack" in his heart; of an old woman complaining of the idleness of the young, or of some cheerful fiddler, all those things that "popular poets" write of, but that I must some day—on that day when the gates began to open—become difficult or obscure . . . I plunged without a clue into a labyrinth of images. . . .

There is much about the mystical Rose in Yeats's earlier poetry, there are in the background "the huge white creatures" that haunt "The Wanderings of Oisin," there is Niamh of the "triumphing arms" who summons some of the enchantments

(Continued on following page)

The Autobiography of a Great Diplomat

WHAT ME BEFELL. The Reminiscences of J. J. Jusserand. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $4.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

WITH the death of Jules Jusserand there disappeared one of the last—perhaps the very last—of those in whom there still survived the spirit of seventeenth century France. For even in the confusion of the World War and the chaos of the post-war era, this French diplomat, within himself, still lived the life of a great age, of the Augustan Age of French literature.

If, however, he was in thought and feeling rather a man of letters than a servant of diplomacy, nevertheless Jusserand, with the two Cambons and Barrère, belonged to that group which before and after 1914 was responsible for no small fraction of the great and decisive victory which the French cause achieved in the public opinion of mankind. And, today, long after the event, most informed Germans would agree that the first great disaster of their country was not upon the battlefield of the Marne but in the diplomatic preface to actual conflict.

In Washington, where for nearly a quarter of a century Jusserand was a familiar and a notable figure, he earned two superlatives. He was not only, beyond dispute, the best ambassador France ever sent to the American capital but also the most sincere friend the United States ever had among French diplomatic representatives. Indeed, of all the distinguished line of foreign representatives come to our shores from Europe, only James Bryce has compared with Jusserand alike in understanding of Americans and in affection for the country to which he was accredited.

Over Jusserand's grave, too, his fellow-countrymen, who unhappily have as yet appreciated his service too little, should set the inscription "He kept us out of propaganda." For that after all was Jusserand's supreme service to France during the war and the difficult years which followed. At the very foundation of his policy was the double conviction that traditional American friendship for France

(Continued on page 351)

Santayana at Seventy

BY IRWIN EDMAN

WHEN a great figure in contemporary thought and letters reaches the age of seventy, the occasion seems appropriate to an estimate of his work. The life is happily not over and, in the case of Mr. Santayana, there is as to finish of style, acuteness of analysis, and intellectual passion not the slightest evidence of diminution of power. There are passages in his most recent volume* that are as freshly incisive and as alert to winds of doctrine, ancient and modern, as any that he has ever written. But by the time a man has reached seventy the lineaments of his thought are fixed and the kind of place he has made for himself in contemporary opinion has become reasonably clear. One cannot have the last word. Even if one were conceivably authorized to speak for one's generation, posterity will always have something later, possibly different, and certainly more complete to say. Perhaps a seventieth birthday is not the occasion for an estimate at all but, especially in the case of a thinker so much an artist as is George Santayana, merely a time for celebration, for a festive inventory of his gifts.

It is the variety and strange union of these gifts, like the union of his Catholic sympathies with his pagan thought, and his Spanish upbringing with his English speech, that serve, for all his acknowledged distinction, to leave some ambiguity as to just where Mr. Santayana's greatest distinction lies and in just what realm he is to be placed among the writers or the thinkers of our generation. For his reputation derives in no small measure, and in some respects suffers, from the fact that he is so intransigeant an artist. He himself gives evidence, especially in his later speculative works, of wishing his arguments to be taken on their logical merits and for their accent of truth. Yet even where he is dealing with such complicated technical issues as the status of essences and the nature of a datum, he cannot avoid the perfect cadence and the image at once glamorous and distracting in its beauty. Lovers of literature are enchanted (and it is a good guess that they always will be) by a prose as supple and picturesque, as musical and as just as exists in our time. Professional philosophers have been disturbed ever since Mr. Santayana began to write by precisely these excellences. How could one argue with this exquisite rise and fall or refute or be quite sure one understood propositions that always had the suggestive overtones of poetry, and terms that set the mind to dreaming rather than to dialectic? How was one to classify a philosopher who would not use the language or the apparatus of the schools and who could dispose of whole schools of thought, past and present, with some elegant irony that the victims were too clumsy to combat? How could one deal with a thinker gifted with so much dramatic sympathy for all human perspectives that he would with very few exceptions not state even his own positions too literally, and had the quiet audacity to treat other doctrines, however prosaic in expression, as, like his own, soliloquies illustrating the poetizing mind of man?

It would be both banal and impertinent at this late date to insist too much upon Mr. Santayana's rank as a stylist. Even, perhaps especially, those who quarrel with him as a philosopher (or who cannot understand his philosophy) have long conceded or revelled in his language. And if space permitted, one would like to examine the constituents of his peculiar magic as a literary artist, or better still to quote from his rich treasury of aphorisms. No writer, save possibly Emerson, is more generous with them. And in such an anthology selected from his works as Logan Pearsall Smith's "Little Essays Drawn from the Works of George Santayana," this gift for the sentence that distils a life, an argument, or an adoration, becomes unmistakable. One does not need to have these jewels in their setting to note the brilliance with which each of them shines. One would like to examine the way in which adjectives that seem merely a surface felicity, serve really to carry on the argument, while the reader is pausing over their flagrant charm. In describing, for instance, the degeneration of the humanistic tradition, he writes, "Humanism thus ended at last in a pensive agnosticism and a charmed culture, as in the person of Matthew Arnold." It is one of the most [illegible] "Sweetness and light" that has ever been made.

But it is not the persuasion—or the distraction—of his prose style alone that has created some confusion and indecision on the part of his critics. Nor is it the fact that he long ago published a sonnet sequence which, despite his assertion that "in the magic sense," he is no poet, is generally ranked as a classic in American literature. Perplexity arises from something deeper than the fact that his prose is poetical and that he is a poet. What puzzles the literal-minded, however much it may delight the imaginative, is the circumstance that his whole approach to philosophy is (for all his more recent involvement in some of the more professorial issues) that of a poet. We have his own statement on that theme in his "Three Philosophical Poets"—his studies of Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe:

> In philosophy itself investigation and reasoning are only preparatory and servile parts, means to an end. They termi-

* *SOME TURNS OF THOUGHT IN MODERN PHILOSOPHY. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1933. $1.75.

This Week

NOW I AM CLEAN OF SUMMER
By FRANCES FROST

THE NAKED MOUNTAIN
By ELIZABETH KNOWLTON
Reviewed by Kermit Roosevelt

ENGLAND'S ELIZABETH
By MILTON WALDMAN
Reviewed by William Huse Dunham, Jr.

NOT GUILTY!
By FRED D. PASLEY
Reviewed by William Jay Hoff

MORE DREAMS
By STELLA BENSON

ASSAY, 1933
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

CLARENCE EDMUND STEDMAN
By CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

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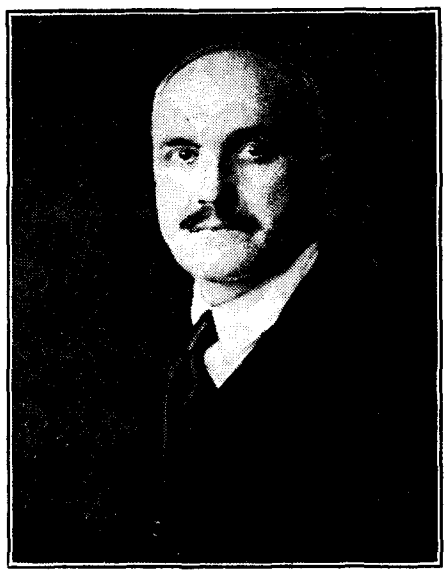
nate in insight, or what in the noblest sense of the word may be called theory —a steady contemplation of all things in their order and worth. Such contemplation is imaginative. No one can reach it who has not enlarged his mind and tamed his heart. A philosopher who attains it is for that moment a poet, and a poet who turns his practised and passionate imagination on the order of all things, or on anything in the light of the whole, is for that moment a philosopher.

His treatment of philosophy, that is to say, of the panoramas of philosophies, like his consideration of religions, is that of the sensitive student and connoisseur of the variety of the flowerings of human imagination. He treats all creeds, however dogmatic their pretensions, and all systems, however literal their ambitions, as languages, differingly expressive of the impulses and needs and aspirations of men. He traverses the history of thought as the history of human expression on the gravest and most central of human themes, life, nature, and destiny. He follows each with romantic sympathy and respects the insight, the perspective, and the eloquence of each. But just as he says religion is literally false and poetically true, so, too, with philosophy. The philosopher is the intellectual poet of the race, just as "religions are the fairy tales of the conscience." This approach to philosophy makes him a critic at once appreciative and skeptical. There is no one who can write with more cogency on other people's versions of truth. But in the midst of following these systematized dreams in their own terms, he always implies and sometimes expressly says that they are fictions, true as a lyric may be true to the heart and the intention of a poet, but not by any means unimpeachable transcripts of an absolute reality. He is a transcendentalist in the sense that he can at will take the point of view of any philosophy. But he never forgets nor does he let the reader forget that a point of view is only a point of view and a human perspective is not the universe in the movement of which that point of view arises. This very gift of sympathy with all religions and all philosophies has confused some of his



GEORGE SANTAYANA

a memorial and a guide to the forces of man in nature.

He is a naturalist, who sees that the most lyric flights of poetry and thought have an animal origin and depend on mechanical conditions. He insists that under whatever sky he had been born (since it would have been the same sky) he would have had the same philosophy. But this common sense belief in the world of birth and death, of doing and suffering, of wars and rumors of wars, of stones and stars, has of late been obscured to many readers by the growing attention he has paid to the "realm of essence," his playing over those eternal forms, which swim into the ken of consciousness, his concern with the "spiritual life," which to him is the play of sense and thought upon these bodiless essences, which are esthetically, immediately, and logically what they are to the intuition that beholds them. For despite his obeisance to the realm of matter, despite his unwavering naturalism, his later books have seemed to celebrate particularly the intuition of timeless essences, and to speak the language of Plato rather than that of Lucretius and Darwin. The apparent inconsis-

cades abroad—is not the arrogance or contempt it is sometimes interpreted to be. In "Character and Opinion in America" and in "The Genteel Tradition at Bay," he has said things that were no less biting for the elegance of their expression. But critics much more flattering have often shown far less appreciation of the good will, the energy, the possible beauty in a civilization whose worst defects are its impetuosity and its youth.

His irony and his attachment have indeed served rather specially to accent the value of Santayana as a corrective and an anodyne. He seems to speak out of a great tradition, and, for all his alertness to what is being said and thought in the world, to be looking at our time and indeed all times under the form of eternity. That sense of the setting of the temporal in its true setting of the timeless derives partly from his metaphysics. But it derives even more profoundly from his education. For he is, though he calls himself "an ignorant man, almost a poet," an epitome of European culture. His books have about them the atmosphere, the stamp of the whole patrimony of the past. Aristotle gave him his naturalism and Plato the metaphors for his ideals. Though, of late, he has taken to arguing points like the professor he has always hated and long ceased to be, he speaks still for the most part in the capacity of a humane and cultivated man of the world—of the world of thought and imagination. He belongs in two halls of fame, that of philosophy in the strict and narrower sense of that term, and in the tradition of humane letters. He is most comparable to Matthew Arnold, save that he is Matthew Arnold with a Latin wit and a philosophical equipment. Long after the professors have ceased to quarrel with some of the nicer points of his late epistemology, he will be read by the readers of the wise. His wisdom will endure, because it cleaves so closely to that of the Greeks, and whatever details of his thinking may be rendered anachronistic, his writing has the assured immortality of a beauty marmoreal and pure.

as well as the morally serious have both wondered how far this interpretation of philosophy — and religion — was going. Were all perspectives equally true and equally false? Was Santayana giving his own version, however delicate and glorified, of pragmatism? Was the truth simply that fiction which gratified your own soul, that lyric cry the mere uttering of which gave peace?

There is a core of common sense in the heart of this philosopher-poet, a common sense, incidentally, to which he has discovered it necessary repeatedly to recall his readers. He himself speaks of "the touch of sympathy with splendid error" bred in him by long familiarity with philosophy and religion. But ironic skeptic though he so often and so characteristically is, and convincing as are his arguments for skepticism, he has never entertained any real doubts about "nature," or matter, nor does he think it necessary or possible to prove their existence. They are matters of "animal faith." Our assurance of them lies in our movements, our actions, and our devourings. Philosophies and religions and poetry are lyric expressions. But "lyric experience and literary psychology as I have learned to conceive them, are chapters in the life of one race of animals in one corner of the natural world." Mr. Santayana has a dramatic, almost a romantic feeling for all systems of feeling and thought, and at the same time a disillusioned questioning of them all. He has an even more radical skepticism, skepticism as to fact, nature, history, and the self. So far as knowledge is concerned, all we are given is "the solipsism of the living moment," the immediate intuition of what he calls an Essence. Out of these essences given in sense and thought he "composes the silly home-poetry in which [he talks to himself] about everything."

> All is a tale told if not by an idiot, at least by a dreamer; but it is far from signifying nothing. Knowledge accordingly remains always a part of imagination in its terms and in its seat; yet by virtue of its origin and intent it becomes

turns away "from this old sordid maternal earth. It ignores its origins, so buoyant is it, and its miraculous light seems to it a matter of course. It is fixed instinctively on the *countless moments that are not this* moment, on the joys that are not this sorrow, and the sorrows that are not this joy . . . understanding too much to be ever imprisoned, loving too much to be ever in love."

Many have thought that Santayana was flying, like Plotinus, to be alone with the alone. They think he has forgotten the earth from which the skylark, spirit, rises and to which it must return. He seems at moments in his later books to be so enraptured with the skylark's rapture that he thinks it has no bodily origin or material home. He has not forgotten, though his readers may have done so.

And his readers, too (though I think not the most careful among them), have been deceived as some of them have been estranged by his irony and his Olympianism. There is both in his writings: of that there is no question. But his irony is the obverse side of his tenderness for human illusion. He sees the very limitations of those aspirations, like the forms of Catholicism to which he is led by tradition and the myths of Platonism, to which he is drawn by impulse. His Olympianism is not scorn, but true detachment. No one could have written so feelingly and instructively on love, the most human of human themes, who had a contempt for human nature, or for his fellows. There is all the evidence of his "Reason in Society" and of his "Soliloquies in England," to confirm his own insistence:

> My detachment from things and persons is also affectionate and simply what the ancients called philosophy. I consent that a flowing river should flow; I renounce that which betrays, and cling to that which satisfies, and I relish the irony of truth, but my security in my own happiness is not indifference to that of others.

So, too, his long abnegation of life in America—he has lived for the last two de-

beautiful phrases, there is the vagueness of a deeply poetic yet intellectually immature gift. This may be illustrated by a verse from "The Sorrow of Love" as it stands in "The Poetical Works of William B. Yeats" first printed in America in 1906:

> The quarrel of the sparrows in the eaves,
> The full round moon and the star-laden sky,
> And the loud song of the ever-singing leaves,
> Had hid away earth's old and weary cry.

How this is transformed in the new "Collected Poems"! We read:

> The brawling of a sparrow in the eaves,
> The brilliant moon and all the milky sky,
> And all that famous harmony of leaves,
> Had blotted out man's image and his cry.

How much better that is—how much more precise, how instinct with acute observation, rather than vague with dream! The cutting of the agate has been learned. The mature poet can even return to his early work and evolve a new sharply-faceted poem from nebulous stuff.

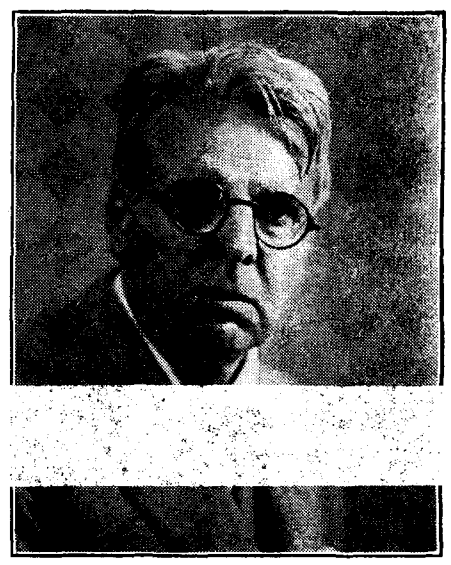
A quarter of a century after the Yeats of "Down by the Salley Gardens" we were made aware of the stride he had taken when his superb "Responsibilities" was published. Four years before that, in "The Green Helmet," "Against Unworthy Praise," "The Fascination of What's Difficult," and "All Things Can Tempt Me," he had roused us anew:

> O heart, be at peace, because
> Nor knave nor dolt can break
> What's not for their applause,
> Being for a woman's sake.
> Enough if the work has seemed,
> So did she your strength renew,
> A dream that a lion had dreamed
> Till the wilderness cried aloud,
> A secret between you two,
> Between the proud and the proud.

Stripped verse, a marvellously certain accent, emotion in the grasp of a master "In dreams begins responsibility," he quoted on the flyleaf of the book of 1914, but through dream he had advanced beyond dream, and through the experience of a great human love, sure to be salted with invigorating bitterness,—yes, and through noble strife with the mob spirit, all too ready blindly to rend what it cannot understand.

> Bred to a harder thing
> Than Triumph, turn away
> And like a laughing string
> Whereon mad fingers play
> Amid a place of stone,
> Be secret and exult,
> Because of all things known
> That is most difficult.

So Yeats came to stature in the year of the Great War. Since the war, he has given us "The Wild Swans at Coole," "Michael Robartes and the Dancer," and more recently "The Tower," and "The Winding Stair." I see him, though not yet,



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

certainly, an old man, "standing in the door of the tower, while about him breaks a windy light." He has "hidden nothing of himself," he has maintained "this lofty and severe quality . . . this virtue," in spite of all his long public life, of all the battering of the incessant years.

There is no book of poetry more worthy of your attention than this record in verse of the life of one of the great ones of this age. The accomplished artist is here, the adept in spiritual mysteries, the scholar with wisdom as well as learning. The gates have opened long since, but the poet has become neither difficult nor obscure. In the second section of "Blood and the Moon" he declares

> this tower is my symbol; I declare
> This winding, gyring, spiring treadmill
> of a stair is my ancestral stair;
> That Goldsmith and the Dean, Berkeley
> and Burke have travelled there.

"Everything that is not God consumed with intellectual fire," he cries, nor have nobler words been spoken in our time.

Now I Am Clean of Summer

By FRANCES FROST

NOW I am clean of summer and my leaves
and naked lean upon the icy air,
knowing the dissolution of sweet griefs
and that the smallest joy survives nowhere;
contained and harsh, I bear the frozen storm
and gusts of sun with equal irony,
enduring skies perversely kind and warm,
and steady gales, as does the winter's tree.

But dammed within and deep, are fiercely hid
the strong rains of my being's certainty
which will persist although no spring shall bid
them rise to buds and pointed ecstasy.
Around this love I shall forever give
I stand me sealed, and though I die, I live!

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The Ascent of Nanga Parbat

THE NAKED MOUNTAIN. By Elizabeth Knowlton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THERE is one realm of adventure that has as yet been little affected by the Machine Age, and that is mountain climbing. A clear head, sound wind, strong limbs, keen judgment, and experience painstakingly acquired, are still the requisites for a successful ascent. There is little change in this since the days of Whymper.

This is particularly true of climbing in the Himalayas, for although in Europe one can approach the jumping off place for ascent by motor it is far otherwise in the Himalayan region. The German-American Expedition to Nanga Parbat which this book chronicles, for instance, had many a weary mile to cover on horseback or plod on foot before it could reach its operating base.

Nanga Parbat, the Naked Mountain, is so named because its rocky summit is usually bare of snow, in contradistinction to almost all other mighty peaks in the Himalayas. In altitude its 26,620 feet ranks it seventh among the great mountains of the world. It has been my good fortune at one time or another to look on the most important peaks of the Himalayas, and to me none was more impressive than Nanga Parbat, standing out in its glorious isolation. For many days, as my brother and I trudged down the Hunza valley, it hung above us clear cut in the bright November sky.

Previous to this expedition only one serious attempt had been made to scale the mountain, and that was in 1895 by four Englishmen. All were experienced climbers. At that time very little climbing had been done above 20,000 feet, and the effect of great altitudes on the human body was unknown. The attempt was unsuccessful, and one of the climbers, Mummery, with two coolies, disappeared into the vastness of the mountain, never to be heard of again.

The German-American Himalayan Expedition was composed of nine members, seven of whom were in the climbing party. There were two Americans, Miss Knowlton and Rand Herron. The latter, shortly before leaving to join his German confrères, came in to see me to talk over transportation problems. Tall, lean, and eager, he was rapidly becoming known as one of the most important younger mountaineers. He acted as assistant leader to Willy Merkl of Munich.

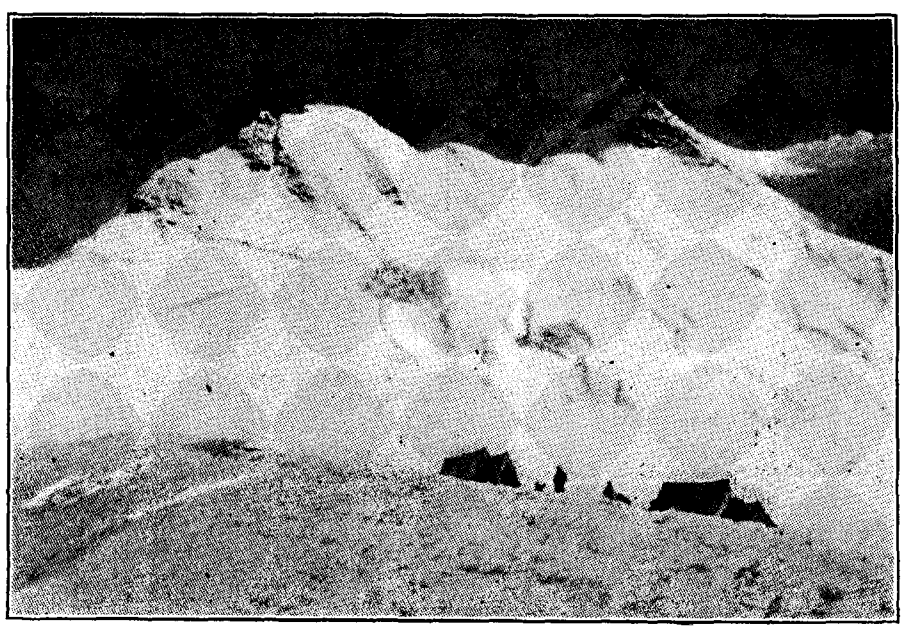
Miss Knowlton gives us a vivid picture of a serious and scientific effort in major mountaineering. She makes each member of the expedition alive and real to us, and apparently they all worked together in a harmonious, live-and-let-live manner, which it is not the good fortune of most expeditions to attain.

There are excellent descriptions of the country, and the effect that the immensity of the Himalayas had upon her. She finds herself comparing the ranges with those of the Alps and writes: "Yes, I thought with a sudden rush of affection for those older friends, 'the Alps really are dear little mountains!' "

The courageous attack, the sustained effort, the constant menace of the avalanches, the discouragement and delasement of defeat, are recounted with equal vigor. And there was the final and unexpected blow of fate, so briefly and graphically described:

> On our way home from the mountain, Herron made a day's excursion to Cairo and climbed the Second Pyramid. Running down its steep side, he slipped. He fell three hundred feet and was instantly killed.

Excellent illustrations aid the text. Miss Knowlton's book should appeal to a realm of sedentary readers far beyond the circle of actual mountain climbers.



CAMP FOUR OF THE NANGA PARBAT EXPEDITION
From "The Naked Mountain."

A Great Diplomat

(*Continued from first page*)

would assure American sympathy for the French cause and that any attempt to exploit that friendship by the methods and machinery of propaganda would in the end destroy what was otherwise irrefragible.

I recall a memorable example of that faith. When the French invaded the Ruhr, the State department summoned Jusserand incessantly for conferences. At last, one day, he remarked a little wearily —"I am afraid if this keeps up I shall be unable to finish my address on Lafayette for the Society of Cincinnati—and that is important." And, again, his instinct was sound, because presently a census of the editorial pages of American newspapers disclosed a three-to-one verdict for France.

Now there has come to us, under the title "What Me Befell," the memoirs of Jusserand covering the period of his active life from the Franco-Prussian War to the end of the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, and closing abruptly at the moment when death interrupted the author. But not less charming, perhaps most illuminating of all, are the early chapters which describe not alone the training of a diplomat but also the making of a man. Nor do I know anywhere a description of French provincial life at once as charming and as illuminating as this simple story of Jusserand's childhood and youth in the Forez, near Saint-Haon-le-Châtel, a small walled town looking down upon the nascent Loire, where the church was of the twelfth century, the houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth, and the spirit of the people of the seventeenth at latest—a corner of France to which, after Rome, no invaders either Teutonic or American, Goth or Vandal, have penetrated and where life still continues, without ever having known interruption.

About that childhood there was an austerity which left its mark. The use of playthings was discouraged. But the future ambassador was early encouraged to use firearms, climb mountains, wade rivers, to prepare for "the strenuous life" in such fashion as to qualify him later for companionship with Theodore Roosevelt in excursions which have become immortal in legends of the American capital. There, too, on Sundays, the chief people of the place dined with his father, including the school teacher, whose son was to die later in Cambodia—"far from France and striving to win minds and hearts for her" as the inscription on his tomb reads and may, perhaps, have served as inspiration for Jusserand himself.

After childhood the years flow evenly, Paris after Lyons and London after Paris, years of incredible work in preparation for the diplomatic career and, in London, in preparation for that study of English literature which was to win for Jusserand early and enduring appreciation amongst British scholars and authors alike. A thesis on the predecessors of Shakespeare won him the recognition of Taine. Early, very early in the narrative, distinguished names begin to appear, W. W. Skeat in England, Gaston Paris in France, then John Morley, F. J. Furnival; these were among the friends of a youthful vice consul.

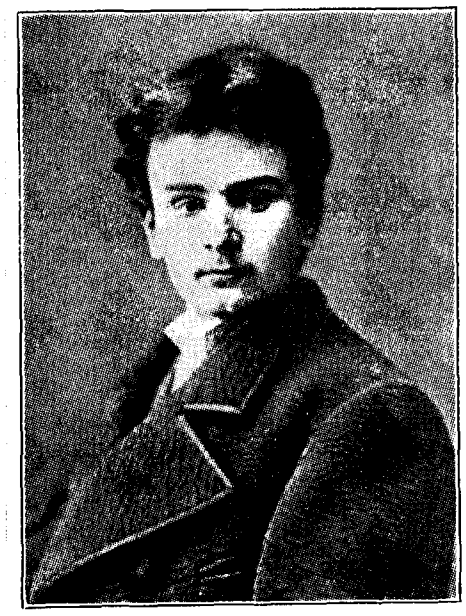
Tunis follows, in the days when the French occupation was beginning and a new colonial possession, one day to be among the most successful, had to be organized. Then back to London and three years of Victorian England, 1887-1890, as counsellor of Embassy. Those were the years of Lord Salisbury, of Gladstone who was old and of Balfour who was young, of Curzon who was still of the Souls and already greatly aged—"looked eighteen." And there, too, was Oscar Wilde of the Esthetes. Among artists, Burne Jones and Alma Tadema welcomed the young Frenchman.

But then as always, he was happiest among the men—and women—of letters, the Humphry Wards, Robert Browning, Du Maurier, Lecky, Leslie Stephen, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang. Bret Harte was there, too, a lion for a season, and the French Counsellor was able to quote from memory the last sentence of the "Luck of Roaring Camp." Henry James and Du Maurier played opposite numbers at memorable Sunday suppers. "Trilby" took her first bow. In this time, too, there is a memorable interlude with an excursion to Egypt which made Kitchener the lifelong friend of Jusserand, and now and then a note signed "Kit" surprises those of a later generation for whom the victor of Omdurman was a monument and not a man. On the political side, too, there was a notable little byplay directed at Boulanger, who was also a figure then, a fast-fading figure.

Presently there was another brief excursion, this time to Constantinople, where the memory of San Stefano still lingered. England was revisited frequently in this time, "The Literary History of the English People" was beginning to take form, and Jusserand's British friends already foresaw for it the great success that was to come. There is much of Gladstone, too, charming pen pictures in a line or a phrase. Lord Rosebery is just emerging.

In this time, too, there was a marriage, briefly noted, to Elise Richards, Paris-born, of a New England family, bringing together two people who were never thereafter absent from each other's thoughts and in the memory of their friends can never be separated. Then, finally the last pre-American adventure and Jusserand, now Minister, spends four calm years in Copenhagen—the last calm years, for beyond them now looms the great adventure, the discovery of America in the era of the earlier Roosevelt and of the now forgotten Square Deal.

There is, so far as I know, no better glimpse of the robust days in Washington, when the century was young, the Spanish-American War recent, and the Roosevelt Administration just well launched, than one finds in these chapters which the author introduces with the line—"meeting the Statue of Liberty and Mr. Roosevelt." At the dock Mme. Jusserand is asked to decide the respective merits of Racine and Shakespeare, but the Ambassador must speak about the Venezuelan Affair. Do many now living recall that there *was* a Venezuelan Affair?



JUSSERAND AT TWENTY

On the first encounter with Mr. Roosevelt the President speaks of "wayfaring life in the Middle Ages and wayfaring life in present-day Colorado." "We discussed Chaucer, Piers Plowman, Petrarch, Venezuela, the Hague Tribunal, its usefulness and limitations. Disarmament should not be thought of, he said—" Elihu Root was Secretary of War, John Hay ruled in the State Department. Once when the President was in full pursuit of the Mongols, Madame Jusserand stopped him with a quotation. And a lifelong friendship was made on the moment.

Chicago was discovered. St. Louis invited him to the scene of a great assembly. Should the ambassador of France speak English or French? "It does not matter—the hall is too big for you to be heard in any language," so he is informed. A world's fair is opening. Roosevelt, Grover Cleveland, Cardinal Gibbons, the first-named still in pursuit of the Mongols. Back to Washington with new [illegible] versations at the White House about [illegible] woodpeckers and bad trusts! There excursions, the whole United States of first decade of this century recalled by a touch here and a phrase there.

The last chapter is entitled "Walks with Roosevelt." A plunge into the Potomac was narrowly avoided from a leaky boat. "The President struck an attitude and cried—'Washington and Rochambeau crossing the Delaware!' " A boatman was employed who could be rewarded by only a quarter because that was the combined fortune of the President and the French Ambassador available at the moment. There was, too, the ever memorable swim when the French Ambassador wore only gloves and the President something less, and the former defended his formality by explaining "we might meet ladies."

And as the Roosevelt Administration closes, the book ends abruptly. The author was still living over those days when for him the end came. Just before the end, a few weeks, he spoke for the first and last time over the radio to America. I saw him a day before that speech. It had already been prepared. He was, as usual, a little apologetic.

> I don't suppose any one will remember me now, perhaps I can't make myself heard. But I shall tell them the truth. These are unpleasant days for our two countries, debts, disarmament, tariffs. But you know in the old dark days of the war, when things were so much worse, when the friendship between our two countries seemed in danger—I never doubted then, I do not doubt now.

Seventeenth century France, Victorian England, Rooseveltian America, in this book they all live memorably, and the great figures of a period already buried under the enormous mass of volcanic mud thrown up by the World War, reappear unforgettably. Reading it, all who remember those other days will be homesick but grateful as well, because what seemed to them dead has been made to appear real once more. Moreover, in recalling a vanished world, M. Jusserand has touched it with his own spirit and as a result nothing is lost that was worthy or remembered that was unkind.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Mark Twain's New Deal

The Cynical Observer, so often quoted in the press, must have had some rude surprises in the last six months. It must, for example, have shaken his philosophy to discover that in his campaign speeches and his inaugural address, President Roosevelt seems to have meant exactly what he said, and intends, so far as he is able, to carry out what he there in general terms proposed.

The terms were general, even though to many advocates of laissez-faire some of them may have proved uncomfortably specific; therefore every new light on the new deal and what it means is interesting and may be important.

In a recent interview the President stated that the phrase "new deal" itself is taken from Mark Twain's "Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Now men take suggestions where they find their own beliefs expressed, and the source of an idea is often a clue to the borrower's thoughts.

Mark Twain's book was a passionate document, a fact carefully concealed in the moving picture made from it. The Yankee found the economic and social conditions of King Arthur's realm atrocious—that was why Twain set time whirling back to land him there, with a cargo of ideas for reforming an unbalanced civilization. The general corrective for the ills of that age was to upset the ideas of class privilege as a vested right which were planted in every knightly mind. The particular method was to overthrow the old order by inventions popular in Connecticut. The Yankee introduced firearms, the telephone, high-charged electric wires, and would certainly have used the automobile and radio, if he had known about them, in his attempt to give new powers to the unprivileged man.

Here was the naive confidence of Mark Twain's century in the benefits of individual initiative unloosed, and its faith that every new machine was a nail in the coffin of poverty, a rung on the ladder to success for the poorest. But Mark himself had his doubts. In his book the old order got both Yankee and revolution before his Arthurian machine era had passed the defensive stage, and readers were allowed to think of the mechanized King Arthur's Court as a Yankee boast translated into fantasy. It is quite obvious that Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal was not inspired by Mark Twain's celebration of the machine let loose.

But no reader of that famous book can forget the bitter and passionate attack upon special privilege. The common man had no economic justice. He had few human rights that stood in the way of prejudice and property. Suffering, starvation, and hard labor without gain was his lot. Merely to belong to his class was to forfeit protections and opportunities which the law gave to his betters. The state was constructed to keep him down, and neither churchman, ruler, nor scholar saw anything wrong in such an arrangement. It was all a very unfair and largely unhistorical picture of the Middle Ages in whose imagination the romance of King Arthur's Court was formed.

Mark was not aiming at the Middle Ages which were too dead, like Arthur, to be worth satirizing. He was shooting in his accustomed manner, with paradox, satire, and exaggeration, at his own times, and particularly at privilege as he had seen it. His very terms in his reference to the "new deal" are modern:—

> So to speak [he says of Arthur's realm], I was become a stockholder in a corporation where nine hundred and ninety-four of the members furnished all the money and did all the work, and the other six elected themselves a permanent board of direction and took all the dividends. It seemed to me that what the nine hundred and ninety-four dupes needed was a new deal.

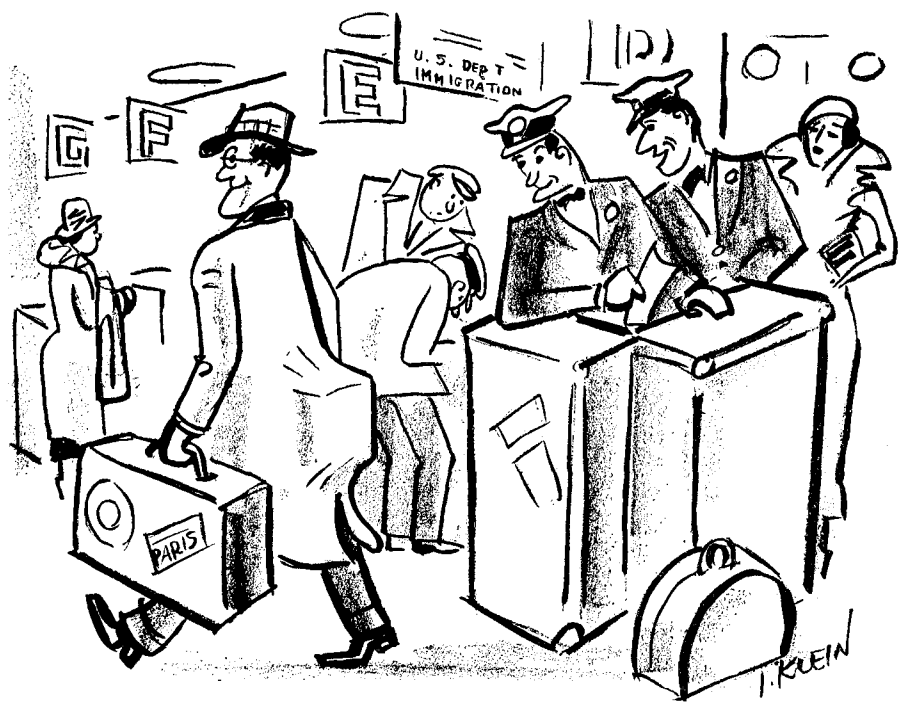
His passion was that thwarted and unphilosophic desire for a square deal for everybody, but especially the underdog, that one finds in the slavery scenes of "Huckleberry Finn." It angered him to see the powerful exploiter walk off with other people's money; it infuriated him that the virtues which made a man human were not recognized in courts of law or the conduct of business. His New Deal took no account of categorical philosophies, Marxian or otherwise, but was based on the thesis that most economic problems could be solved if greed could be checked, and if the idea that one man had a right to exploit another because of his superior force, skill, or culture could be extirpated from the human race.

And note that his method of reform was to work with, and not against the powers that be, on the theory that there were as many honest and idealistic men in power as out of it, perhaps more, and that once their minds were straightened they would become allies in revolution. He put, in his story, the king himself, by a trick of plot, in the place of the forgotten man, and let him see how it felt to be unprivileged, unsafe, exploited by a code which seemed good sense and justice to those on top.

One begins to see resemblances between Mark Twain's New Deal and Roosevelt's. Neither has any novel economic or political doctrine behind it. Both believe that a better ethics will result in a better economics. Both expect to find leaders and support in the privileged class as well as in the unprivileged. Both back up moral suasion by a compulsory change of circumstance. Arthur, once he is straightened in mind, is worth ten serfs; one guesses that Mr. Roosevelt believes that a reformed industrialist is ten times as valuable in his New Deal as the very best day laborer. And implicit in the ideas of both these Americans, two generations apart, is a mixture of common sense, shrewdness, and passionate humanitarianism—a blend violently unpopular in communist and fascist countries, but certainly a racial trait if we have one.

Mark Twain's symbolic story contains no cure-all for our problems. The terms are too different. Yet reading it again, one sees why so many Americans have rallied, with the first enthusiasm for years, in support of another New Deal, evidently experimental, quite impossible of achievement in anything like the atmosphere of America, say between 1920 and 1932, but entirely in the American tradition.

Ulysses Judge Woolsey's decision in the "Ulysses" case was so excellent in its definition of obscenity and its principles laid down as to when a work admittedly indecent in places was justified by its purpose and its art, that little can be added by way of comment. One item of his admirable argument printed elsewhere in this issue should, however, be emphasized. He notes that many familiar and important types of human nature cannot be made to live in literature unless the background of their lives, tawdry, distressing, or indecent though it may be, accompanies them. Now most readers would agree that the soliloquy with which "Ulysses" ends is the most indecent passage in the book, and also its nearest approach to a great representation of character. But this famous soliloquy is very like to the still more famous self-revelations of the Wife of Bath, in the Prologue to her Canterbury Tale. Her wit, her effrontery, her lewdness, her speech in all its coarseness, make her one of the great personalities of world literature. You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs.



"THAT'S A COPY OF 'ULYSSES;' THE SAP DOESN'T KNOW IT'S LEGAL NOW."

To the Editor: *Crane and "The O'Ruddy;" Keats Letters in America*

Stephen Crane and Robert Barr

SIR: Mr. John H. Birss in a recent issue of the *Saturday Review* quotes at length a letter concerning Stephen Crane, written by Robert Barr a few days after Crane's death.

I hope Mr. Birss will forgive me for exploding his belief that this letter is a "find." It is reproduced in full in Vincent Starrett's sketch of Crane in "Buried Caesars." From certain lines in the life of Crane by Thomas Beer, it is easy to perceive that Mr. Beer knew of the letter also.

One notation might be of interest. In spite of his loyal and staunch friendship, Barr was only one of nearly a half-dozen friends who were asked to finish "The O'Ruddy." All the others refused, believing rightly that such a task was futile and practically useless.

CARL BOHNENBERGER.

Jacksonville Public Library
Jacksonville, Florida.

Letters of John Keats

Sir: As I am preparing for a new edition of the "Letters of John Keats" I am anxious to trace certain of the poet's letters which I have reason to believe are in America, and I shall be much obliged if you can find space in your journal for this appeal for any information about them your readers may be able to afford me. Unpublished letters, of course, I should wish to hear of, but the known letters I am seeking to trace to their present owners I will enumerate.

In the William Harris Arnold sale catalogue of November, 1924, the following letters occur:

1. To John Taylor, dated Friday 23rd (i. e. 23 January 1818), 1 page quarto.
2. To George and Georgiana Keats, dated February 14, 1819, 4 pages quarto.
3. To John Hamilton Reynolds, dated August 25, 1819, 3 pages quarto.

Among the Rowfant Library Autographs, disposed by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, was a letter from Keats to Joseph Severn, 128 Goswell Street, dated "Friday afternoon,' 1 page quarto, beginning, "I am really sorry that I have an engagement on Saturday."

Keats's letter to Haydon of March 8, 1819, was sold at Sotheby's in July, 1892. I have it in mind that this letter went to America, but I cannot be sure.

Keats's letter to Shelley, of August, 1820, I can only trace up to 1907, when it was exhibited at Stafford House in the Keats-Shelley Memorial Exhibition.

Of the thirty-nine letters to Fanny Brawne, which for a few years were in my father's keeping in the room from which I now write, I have managed to trace only ten, of which number nine are in good homes in America. I feel sure that others of this important series have found their way across the Atlantic.

I have already received so much kindly help from owners of Keats letters in the States that I do not hesitate to ask for more. If owners with whom I have not come into touch will communicate with me at this address, I shall be very grateful, and should they be able to furnish me with photostats of their letters, I will gladly bear the cost.

M. BUXTON FORMAN.

46 Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood
London, N.W. 8

Rhode Island Jonny-Cake

SIR:—I know you are a dependable caller of attention to books that can't or won't shout very loud for themselves, and I have before me a book that I think ought to have a little refined shouting done for it.

Did you ever hear of "The Jonny-Cake Papers of 'Shepherd Tom,'" by Thomas Robinson Hazard (Boston, 1915)? I doubt if you did, for, as Bloomingdale's advertisement said of the NRA the other day, "to know it is to like it," and you'd have liked it enough to praise it in print.

It must be fairly rare; it was "Printed for Subscribers," most of whom were probably Rhode Island people, for the whole book is an extravagant, humorous boast of the glories of Rhode Island and its folk and natural products. Rudolph Ruzicka (to my mind the most delightful of illustrators) did the illustrations, and collectors of his work no doubt have the book, but I have never seen it in a catalogue.

A copy fell into my hands by chance. Some years ago, when I was working hard at a collection of cook books, a Boston friend sent me a box of odds and ends from a library she had inherited, and "The Jonny-Cake Papers" was among them. Strictly speaking, it isn't a book that would fit into a gastronomic collection; the baking of jonny-cakes—the proper way, the Rhode Island way—is the thread on which the whole book of reminiscences is strung, but my Boston friend didn't know that.

WILLIAM BRIDGES.

New York City.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

WHAT ME BEFELL. By JULES JUSSERAND. *Houghton Mifflin.* Reminiscences, by the late French Ambassador to America, of life in three countries.

PLAY PARADE. By NOEL COWARD. *Doubleday, Doran.* An omnibus containing plays, sketches, and lyrics.

VINCENT VAN GOGH. By JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE. *Harcourt, Brace.* A biography of the Dutch Impressionist painter.

This Less Recent Book:

THE OLD DARK HOUSE. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Harpers.* A mystery story.

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The Stubborn Virgin

ENGLAND'S ELIZABETH. By Milton Waldman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HUSE DUNHAM, JR.

"ELIZABETH'S England" might better describe this story of the last Tudor's public career, for Mr. Waldman has been able to make interesting that political history recently so unfashionable. Adhering closely to Tudor political theory, that the prince is the brain of the body politic, the author presents in an intelligible pattern English and foreign politics as they were designed by the "Stubborn Virgin." The political and diplomatic intrigues of her reign, which once provoked Froude's melodramatic chapters, have again led an enthusiastic writer to contribute a lucid presentation of a complicated narrative. Mr. Waldman has reconstructed from the printed records of the period a readable study of *la haute politique*. But he has done still more, he has added a refreshingly modern point of view to his discussions of Elizabeth's professional life.

QUEEN ELIZABETH
From a painting by Gheeraerts the Younger at Longford Castle

While avoiding psychological language, this biographer has none the less attempted to explain the motives of his characters. After a straightforward explanation of the factors involved in a given situation, he then demonstrates how they were appraised by Elizabeth and determined her consequent action, or how she modified the to-be-expected course of their influence. The problem of the "Unwelcome Guest" (Mary Stuart) created one of the two most tense of the situations confronting the Queen of England. Here Mr. Waldman has written a chapter marked by vitality and a restrained, hence effective, use of the dramatic. His subtle elucidation of Elizabeth's neat politics in her dealings with the parliament of 1566-1567 is typical. She forsook an untenable position created by her wrongful interference with parliament's freedom of speech in return for the Commons' withdrawal of their less just, but more dangerous, demand that she marry. Such situations afford Mr. Waldman opportunities to philosophize upon history and the human nature of his characters.

And yet his philosophizing does not draw Mr. Waldman beyond those limits of prudence into the personal whimsies which have produced that school of unsubstantial biography already on the decline. His serious efforts have provided us with the background of continental affairs and personalities necessary to understand the tortuous manœuvers of Elizabethan statecraft. Such a logical and clear narrative of the major personality of an age when politics were plots and plots politics is not likely to fade.

This appraisal of Elizabeth as a ruling queen may make her personality less vivid, but it preserves the author from the banalities of the intimate biographer. He properly despatches as unsolvable guesswork the rumors by "tavern pathologists" of his heroine's "physical abnormality." He fears not to call spades spades, nor does his admiration for the queen deter him from criticism of her mistakes and shortcomings. But might he not have been more cautious in endorsing the view that her "Lord Robert" Dudley enjoyed English majesty as "his mistress"? To establish the perfectly valid point that Elizabeth supplied the *élan vital* to English government, Mr. Waldman has, perhaps, tended to minimize the capacities and effectiveness of her foremost ministers. Perhaps, too, he has overestimated Elizabeth's prescience when he attributes to her Machiavellian subtlety the successful turn for English affairs of the Darnley marriage. But the emphasis he places upon character and his theme that Elizabeth's success was the fulfilment of a destiny determined by character provide a refreshing contrast to the recent psychopathic interpretations of heroic careers. To accentuate this point he deflates the sentimental romances woven about Mary Stuart and lays her misfortunes to her lack of moral principle and purpose. Elizabeth's steadfastness to the welfare of the common weal and to England's national cause, often at personal cost, carried her (according to this view) through the dreary days and devious politics immediately preceding the Armada crisis of 1588.

But why does Mr. Waldman conclude the great queen's national services with the thirtieth anniversary of her accession? He would hardly contend that her destiny had been fulfilled when she still had fifteen years to govern. And these were not years dull or neglible. The Spanish menace had not wholly disappeared with Drake's volleys and God's breeze. Puritanism was giving a revolutionary tone to domestic affairs which demanded as complete an application of her political talents as the events of the first two-thirds of her reign.

W. H. Dunham, Jr., is a member of the history department of Yale University.

For the Defense

NOT GUILTY! The Story of Samuel S. Leibowitz. By Fred D. Pasley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM JAY HOFF

MR. PASLEY has written a book that is more than the story of Samuel Leibowitz. In a colorful and dramatic manner he has put our jury system itself on trial. Leibowitz, it appears, obtained a verdict of "Not Guilty" in eighty-five consecutive first degree murder trials. The author, largely through reporting excerpts from the testimony in various cases, gives us a glimpse of the technique that aided in establishing this astounding record.

Sketches of the attorney's life are interwoven with the account of his career. We are led in some detail through several trials, including those of Harry Hoffman, Vivian Gordon, the Scottsboro case, and other famous murder trials. Interspersed with these more important cases are many short anecdotes, all filling in the general picture of the Leibowitz technique.

Often the facts and the verdict would seem irreconcilable unless we were piloted through the presentation of some of the salient testimony. Mr. Pasley gives us some insight into the methods that Leibowitz uses, the manner in which he attracts the attention and sympathy of the jury, the way in which he leads up to and then brings out a damaging piece of evidence. It is not the individual incidents that are important, but they leave us with a picture of Leibowitz's genius for dramatization and his unerring instinct for psychological effects.

Although the author does not fully analyze the technique of Leibowitz, he does give us some idea of the method by which he tries a case. Moreover, this is done in a dramatic and intensely interesting manner. Mr. Pasley conveys the impression that perhaps trial by jury is largely a skirmish between lawyers. Conscious of the effect created by the skill and technique of counsel we cannot help but have some misgivings as to a procedure under which it is possible to obtain eighty-five consecutive verdicts of "Not Guilty." This becomes the more poignant when we are led through the second Scottsboro trial at Decatur, Alabama. There, emotions and prejudices, far more fundamental than any the attorney can instil in the jurors, appear to play their parts in the resultant verdict of "Guilty." It is pointed out that this verdict was set aside by the trial judge because, " 'The testimony of the prosecutrix in the case is not only uncorroborated, but it also bears on its face indications of improbability and is contradicted by other evidence, and in addition thereto the evidence greatly preponderates in favor of the defendant.' " Without questioning the verdict in any of Leibowitz's cases, it cannot be overlooked that in many instances where a verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned the evidence against the defendant appeared very much more damaging than in the Scottsboro case.

This book is neither an indictment nor an endorsement. It is a brief reportorial account of our criminal courts in action. It should be of interest not only to those concerned with criminal law procedure, but to all who are interested in drama and justice.

Epic of the Railroads

STEEL TRAILS. By Martin D. Stevers. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1933. $3.75.

WE have had excellent histories of individual railroads such as those of the New York Central, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Delaware and Hudson, etc. "Trains, Tracks, and Travel," written by an engineer for his son, is nevertheless the best book for adults, from this standpoint, which has appeared. The Baltimore and Ohio has issued a large folder which gives in considerable detail various mechanical operations, accounting and auditing. Yet it has remained for the author of "Steel Trails," after evidently extensive research and collation, to present the best general résumé of the early history of the locomotive, the political and economic considerations which led to the inception, development, and operation of the railroads in this country.

The style of writing suffers somewhat from obvious lightening of the material with colloquialism, for the broad conception and nicely worked out scheme of the entire book is of ample worth to have carried along without such aid. However this need not cause one to digress and surely high praise must be accorded a most complete and conclusive work.

A Magic Book

THE CURSE OF THE WISE WOMAN. By Lord Dunsany. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

AT the beginning of one of his books of fantastic romance, Lord Dunsany once promised his readers that if they were weary of London, he had new worlds for them there, and in fulfilment of his promise, took them to lands east of the sun and west of the moon. But London, whatever Dr. Johnson may have thought, is not all there is even of this world; and though Lord Dunsany still offers new worlds to those tired of cities, he does not, in the first part of this new book, have to go farther than the Irish country. His hero is the son of an Anglo-Irish squire who at the beginning of the book is forced, by his interference between some of the peasants and their murdered man, to fly the country, and his son grows up in the manor-house, alone, able to escape from more schooling, and spending all his time with the country folk, hunting, shooting, fishing, and ranging the marshes. The Irish appear even more than the English to perpetuate the paradox of primitive peoples, that wild animals are both killed and adored by them, so that Æschylus can invoke the huntress Artemis as "she that delights in the lion's cubs and every suckling thing in the woods." The boy's days are passed in killing woodland creatures, and in feeling a deep kinship with them. There are many pages, but not too many, devoted to his lessons in sport, pages that are worthy to stand by Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" for conveying the intoxicating joy of the neophyte, which is so rarely expressed.

But though Ireland is itself far enough from London, it is shot through with a world farther and stranger still, the Land of the Young, that you can see from the marshes sometimes when the light is right. One of the country boys knows that he will never go to heaven, because he not desire it so much as he desires visions of Tir-Nan-Og, and he tells hero about them. Halfway through, this magic Ireland that lies in Ireland is threatened with civilization and progress; a company comes to drain the marsh. But the old "wise woman"—witch, that is—calls down a curse upon them, and the unearthly marsh and the Land of the Young are left.

This story shows Lord Dunsany at his best. His imagination, and his mellifluous prose, are to be found in it; but more than most of his books it keeps its feet upon earth, in the humors of Ireland where a Fenian may tell a boy how to shoot a wild goose while he is seeking the life of the boy's father, and in the excitement of a hunt where one may come a cropper on real hard earth; and it is none the worse for that. And this tale of a vanishing gentry and an unattainable paradise is told by an old man looking back, with tender *desiderium*, upon his youth; it is far away and long ago; it has the singular, melancholy charm of something solid and yet hazy, like the woods in autumn.

THE MAIN RAILROAD STATION AT MUNICH
A night view, from "Das Deutsche Lichtbild."

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More Dreams

BY STELLA BENSON

MY dreams now come to me more and more often in a traditional crystal-gazing form, and I suppose if they occurred to any one ready to believe that proof of anything is available, they would be held to prove that something or other exists — though exactly what, it would be hard to say. At any rate, these dreams of mine have every mark of authenticity—except the fact of being true. They do not, as far as I know, represent anything—indeed why should they? But they are extremely vivid and accurate—much more vivid and accurate than, say, my usual memory of yesterday. They are impersonal (there is no *me* in them)—and within their own limits they are consistent. And, to me most curious of all, each dream is, literally, a clear moving picture framed in a circle, hazy at the edges like the field of view of a telescope—I imagine very much like the settling of a vision in a crystal.

STELLA BENSON AND HER DOG, OSTAPENKO

A photograph taken at Miss Benson's home in China

Sometimes these dreams are so short and pointless as to constitute simply a glimpse, as one might see a completely unexplained though perhaps memorable grouping of persons on a road as one drove by. Such stories in real life or in dream can never be finished and are scarcely begun; the pictures they leave on the retina are scarcely problem pictures since no problem is stated. Whenever I see a dog leaning out of a rushing car, I imagine what a babel of half-perceived smells must be pouring into its nose—all unidentifiable—all unexplainable—all, by their very variety, frustrating the dog's natural instinct to follow things up—dig mice out—lick dirt—force birds to take to flight. . . . To the dog this torrent of unimpressed impressions must be significant in the same way as a half-senseless composite word like Lovechristmasstrawberrygloryperilousseasforlornholyholyprinceofwalesasparagustipsrapture—might seem to us significant—but the composite smell would be much more exciting than any word, since the dog's nose transmits a directer ecstasy, I am sure, to the dog's brain than our everyday perceptions do to ours. But my dreams are not everyday things, and they have just such an exquisite urgency as I remember a child's experiences had, and as I imagine a dog's have. They come out of nowhere and go into nowhere; they seem to matter most intensely—but they probably don't matter at all. Perhaps the dog in the car may smell just a flick of a smell that he never dreamed of before—a smell the suggestive mystery of which might bring tears to his eyes. He can never stop and go back, but he may think, "Oh, this quick life is but death—Oh, if I could only stop and follow and live for ever with that smell. . . ." But if he could have his wish, it might prove to be only "a rotting cactus or a kerosene-soaked rag or burning dung. . . ."

The ordinary every night dream quite frankly and shamelessly leads nowhere at all. It is an explosion of the fancy—a dazzle of inconsistencies, improbabilities, inconsequences, and oddities of emphasis. The inspiring spark is inevitably *oneself*—one's sensible or senseless self—and all the light on the scene of a common dream shines—however crazily—from this self which circumstances too often dim or extinguish in waking life. But these other rarer dreams which visit me from time to time are, from the first blink of their opening, wholly and unmistakably different from common, erratic, personal dreams. Not only do circumstantial and perfectly homogeneous details abound — not only does the action seem oddly to outrun my own presence of mind, so that unexpected events take me by surprise, events which only afterwards are seen to be accountable and in logical sequence—but the air of these dreams is a remote and utterly different air from that wind that blows hot and cold through a common dream—the light is an indirect and moon-clear light — the light of no-identity. And each time one of these dreams comes, I have the sense of re-acquiring by accident an inexplicable knack that I had temporarily lost. I remember a story by George Macdonald about a door in a great castle—a door to curious and consoling adventures. The princess can never find the door deliberately; only occasionally, by mistake she finds its familiar threshold before her feet, and, every time this happens, she marvels at the ease with which she has reached it, and tries to commit to memory the trick of finding it at will. But she found—and I find—the hunting of visions an impossibly elusive sport. The necessary preliminary—the complete shedding of personality—cannot be carried out as a deliberate exercise, I believe. Yet to find such a door—such a dream—is a most intoxicating delight, however trivial and purposeless may be the adventure behind the door—behind the dream.

I have had two of these dreams lately, on two consecutive nights. The first of these was a scene in some hotel "winter garden" or smoking room, a place of deep, leather-covered chairs, palms, solid, manly ashtrays, refined spittoons, and throaty, gentlemanly cries of *Waiter*. Facing the lens of my spyglass, as it were, was an innocent stout man like a Rotarian, bald, smoothfaced, complacent, cleansed of thought,—the kind of man on whose lips the word *I* sounds an anomaly, because he is so conspicuously an *us*. This man was leaning forward from a very deep armchair. He was amused by a joke he was making. Some one my lens could not see was evidently amused too. The joke was not very funny—indeed it was only mildly giggleworthy, even to its maker. I have forgotten the kernel of it, but in general the monologue was to the effect that honesty really was the best policy—"I've tried both and I know"—and it contrasted his own rich, easy, tweedy, golfy, gin-and-bitters life—with the life of a certain doubtful character — "A millionaire, it's true,—but what I want to know is, What does he dream of at night?" There was little point in all this; only the giggle and the speaker's eagerness and cheerfulness gave it the status of a joke.

The speaker continued to talk about this unarrested criminal millionaire, and mentioned that "everything he does is on paper in a pigeonhole as soon as he's done it;—now look at me, I can start off in the morning, walk half a mile, remember I've forgotten something and walk the whole way back and fetch it—and nobody interested enough to wonder what I think I'm doing—I can go and see a little lady I know, and nobody on God's earth knows where I am. And yesterday is as dead as a doornail to me—it'll never come to life again because it's nobody's business to look it up. But look at him, poor devil—if he forgot something and walked back the way he'd come—some sleuth would be on to it in a minute—why he did it—where he turned—what he saw that made him turn . . . whatever he does, somebody's taking notes, making guesses, noting the names of his girls and his tailor and the people he telegraphs to—fitting it all together like a jigsaw puzzle. Why he can't even get a haircut without making a little bit of history in somebody's notebook. Well, that's the way an honest man scores; what's done is done, with him. Why if I went and blew my nose fifteen times running on the steps of the National Gallery—nobody would mistake it for a criminal signal . . ." etc., etc.

While he spoke and laughed, he leaned further and further forward so that there was a wide space between his back and the back of the chair. Next to him, but facing the opposite way—that is, with its back to my lens—was another very deep chair. It had been impossible to see whether this chair were occupied or not until abruptly a man rose out of it and stood up. His arms and legs were very long, but his face was blurred so black against the bright window that my lens could not register his features. He leaned across the space between the talkative man's spine and the chair back, apparently to help himself to a box of matches on a little table just within a stretched reach. As this tall man—part of his body hidden from my spy-glass by the nearer leaning of the talker—grasped the box of matches and straightened himself, the talker's aspect underwent a sudden and frightful change. An appalled expression filled his naive face; his words and laughter died suddenly away; he bent tensely further and further forward—not eagerly now but with a cramped and crooked despair; his attention—so completely concentrated on his own wit but an instant before—was obviously quite remote now; no cry, no question could have reached it. The doors of his body had slammed upon him. His gradual canting-forward movement lasted such a long time that I, impersonally looking at the picture through my spyglass from another world, had time to think stupidly, "But what can have happened? Has he suddenly realized what a fool he is? What can have wiped out the joke so suddenly?"—before his slow collapse ended; his face came to rest upon his knees. And then I could see the knife sticking up to the hilt in his back. There was no sound or movement from the next chair; the tall man had disappeared. This climax was unexpected enough to wrench me into a rather sickened awakening. "Poor garrulous old ass," I thought, feeling that I had travelled away leaving a silly but harmless passing acquaintance in trouble.

The second dream, which my spyglass focussed on the very next night, seemed to me more remote in its beginning and its ending. Set in my haze-encircled field of view, in this instance, was a scene in a wood. The trees, beeches and hazels, were of small size, though through openings—like Gothic windows—in the foliage one could see distant large trees—pines—on a red bracken slope. In the foreground of my picture lay a woman on the ground. She was covered by a sheet of silk material, the pattern of which is most firmly fixed in my memory. It was a rather sparse design; bright red and rather poisonous green on a very white ground; the design represented cherries and cherry leaves, but very primitively. The cherries were mere blobs of red—the leaves in thick, careless outline only, like croquet-hoops of green, yet the effect was certainly a cherry-tree effect—very vivid and clean looking. Waking, I have never seen this design as far as I know. The woman lay on her back with her head turned towards her left shoulder, and behind her head flowed in a thick, rippled stream her hair—bright yellow-brown hair. A yard or two away from her right shoulder a man crouched or squatted on the ground, most assiduously brushing the woman's hair—obviously to soothe her, for she was ill. He brushed firmly and regularly, but his eyes strayed, and somehow I perceived his thought—"When she dies, all these woods are mine." As he thought this, the sun, which had been dimmed, suddenly came out, and the whole scene seemed to contract in a spasm of excitement.

The young woods, which had seemed rather trivial and sad, glittered with the most exact life; there were patterns and traceries of little leaves that I could draw accurately at this moment; the twigs with the bright light behind them were piped with blinding silver, those on which the sun shone direct were grained and coiled like agate necklaces; some of the leaves were so glittering that nothing could be seen but blurred spangles, others drew color from the peacock-colored shade. The beech tree trunks, lately wet, seemed washed in an opal and jade bath. Between the near boughs, the distant bracken slope glowed ruddy as a well-baked cake, and the pines had a sheen and a toss like a cock's tail feathers. The man, still tirelessly brushing the woman's hair, looked at this transformation with great joy. But presently he looked down at the hair and saw that it did not share this general quickening of color; it absorbed none of the sunlight. It was a tawny sword sheathed in a shadow. If it had been a flower one would have thought it killed suddenly by a finger of frost, though not yet faded. By this, without looking at the woman's face, the man knew that she was dead.

Both these dreams, I believe, could be made into stories. But it seemed to me worth while to record them as they came to me—unfinished, unbegun, fragments of nothing projected on to nothingness. They had no importance, but they had to me the intense significance of insignificant things seen in childhood. Never again, waking, shall we accept so single-heartedly the common or rare images that in our childhood were printed on the sunlight before our unquestioning eyes. Such images are things in themselves; they call for no explanation. And I believe my impersonal middle-aged bones build up these dreams to protect themselves from the endless weariness of identity and personal experience.

Stella Benson

"THE endless weariness of identity" — with those strange words closes the last essay Stella Benson will send us with her own hand. Dispatches tell us that she died of pneumonia in Hongan, China, on December 6, aged 41. At first sight those words seem unexpected from one who entered into the passion and excitement of living with such manifold zest. Yet they were very characteristic. Frail and shy as she was, no one ever showed a more various indomitable curiosity about all phases of being. The physical restrictions of one human personality could not possibly enclose or satisfy such enormous vitality. Her glittering speculation did not stop with men and their pathetic absurdities. She saw with extraordinary intuition the feelings and gestures of animals, trees, flowers, landscapes; even automobiles and buildings.

Lazy and contented people will never read Stella's exquisite books. Some of us, now for fifteen years, have looked to her as we did to only three or four others, for the cobweb strictures of perfection. There was great happiness in finding that *The Far-Away Bride*, that extraordinary humoresque of Manchurian life, had really reached something of a larger public. But, to be sure of a wide audience, she would have had to write for a world of unspoiled intelligence. A reading public of dogs or of old rowdies like the Count de Savine (in her *Pull Devil, Pull Baker*)—readers of fortune—people with pure ecstatic nostrils and lungs capable of screaming laughter—would have been just right for her. Her infinitely observant humor, self-and-everything-mocking, and reaching deep into dream and sorrow, was one of the purest faculties that dipped ink in these years.

C. M.

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The Bowling Green

Assay, 1933

JUST as I was feeling elegiac and fin d'année I received a circular about Gold:—

> The price of fine Gold has advanced to $34 an ounce . . . practically everyone has old gold, teeth and bridgework, rings, watches, antiques . . . of no practical value . . . ready cash. You can bring the Gold to our Receiving Department . . . it will be assayed in your presence. . . . Now is the time.

And I thought, in spite of indolence, error and absurdity, evil communication and corrupted manners, loss and grievance of many sorts, there was much gold to be assayed out of 1933. I even found myself growing almost cheerful as I recalled flashes of it—of no practical value, perhaps, but entirely my own. I'll set down a few of the shiners that passed through my sieve. Perhaps some of them are only mica—but I had to examine them to be sure. . . . As someone has said, "I don't mind long skirts, I've got a good memory."——

☞Skating, for the first time in ages, at an indoor rink; ashamed to be so clumsy, but thinking "At least there's no one here who'll criticize me." Coming with a scramble to the rinkside; found George Ennis standing there with another man; George said, "I want you to meet Irving Brokaw"—and I remembered that Mr. Brokaw was America's champion skater.

☞Hanging Cruikshank's famous engraving, *The Worship of Bacchus* (it belongs jointly to W. S. H. and me) in the kitchen at a favorite eating place on 45th Street. ☞Seeing George Matthew Adams's collection of George Gissing's books—and especially the little notebook Gissing kept when he was in the U. S. ☞I was to meet, at a dinner, an old friend from England who had been knighted since I knew him; and schooled myself to address him and his wife as Sir F. and Lady ———. Met them unexpectedly beforehand at a street corner and of course came out with "Mr. and Mrs." ☞Saw the moon and two planets in a straight line above 79th Street one brilliant winter night, as though the moon were a pendulum suspended from the two bright stars—or did I imagine this? ☞The lights of Los Angeles seen from a car climbing that dangerous trail up Mount Wilson in the dusk, and beautifully scared. "Billy," I said in anguish, "if we ever get down there again, let's get good and plastered." To my horror he cackled so with laughter he had to halt the car. ☞The grief of a gracious lady who brought a bottle of fine old rye down to the depot in Omaha to give to a passenger going through on the Overland Limited. . . . She dropped it at the door of the station . . . she took me out to show me the puddle. ☞Talking with Felix Riesenberg on the deserted deck of S.S. *Malolo* docked at San Pedro (Los Angeles) on March 4 . . . a distant radio was narrating the events of F. D. R.'s Inauguration, but we palavered on and on, examining our own doubtfulness.

☞Goonies, big ragged-looking albatross birds that follow Pacific ships. . . . The Southern Cross . . . first glimpse of the crumpled volcanic strata of The Islands. ☞An airplane to the island of Maui, my first flight . . . thinking, as she sped smoothly across the field, they must have a mound or hill of some sort for the take-off . . . and looking out saw with amazement we were far off the ground. ☞First remark of my hostess who met me at the lonely landing field in Maui: "Have you any weapon on you? There's a mad Filipino loose in the cane." My armory was a fountain pen and a broken penknife. ☞The three huge loud-speakers in the dining-hall of the University Club, Los Angeles. ☞"The biggest women's club in the world," the Ebell Club of L. A.—with more members, more speakers, more committees and more announcements than any other. ☞The ladies in blue smocks at Dawson's bookstore in Los Angeles. ☞Finding a MS of my own in the great Huntington Library at San Marino . . . and the cautious curator's reluctance to let me touch it. ☞The power and rapid sequence of the cocktails at the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. ☞A spring morning on the Skyline Highway running above the sea, south of San Francisco . . . and first glimpse of a canyon of redwood trees. ☞Going through the Hoover War Library with Mr. Hoover himself. ☞I reproduce here, as contribution to history, a very rare document—a Prohibition era prescription for *spiritus frumenti*—unfilled.

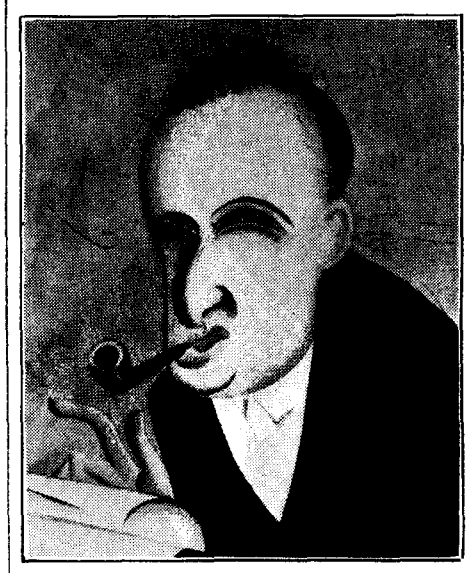
☞Reading the galleys of Romains' *Men of Good Will* on a transcontinental train . . . dropping off a batch of them at each stop . . . wondering what the finders would make of them . . . the marvellous passage in that book where the little boy trundles his hoop round Paris until the hoop itself seems to take on life and go spinning round and round, a symbol of the universe itself. ☞The pleasing drip of water in a fountain at the back of the patio of St. George Court, an apartment-cloister in Hollywood . . . the open-air markets of California and men spraying a hose on the fruit and vegetables . . . the brown hills of Salinas Valley like the haunches of pumas. ☞The lawn sleeves of a Bishop confirming children at the Cathedral. ☞The bankruptcy sale of Brentano's in a big room downtown . . . a red pamphlet (text of the Bankruptcy Act) flashing on the referee's desk. ☞Summer sunsets among the high buildings of Manhattan; one especially, seen from a publisher's office on Madison Avenue where "The Boys" keep a jug of applejack in a locker. ☞First amazed glimpse of the Radio City Music Hall, and the remark attributed to old Mr. Rockefeller: "It's a nice room, isn't it?"—the impression, from an upper balcony, that the stage show was a midget act. ☞The excitement of an Italian speakeasy proprietor when he learned that a casual guest was wearing the same suit in which he had called on Mussolini a few weeks before. ☞In the same speakeasy the host was performing, by request, one of his greatly admired feats of strength—flattening a bottle-cap with his fingers . . . and a delicate Southern lady who chanced to be there said, "Let me try"—and did it herself.

☞Arriving home after 2 months absence and being told that I had 3 evenings in which to read galleys of *Anthony Adverse* before the Book of the Month Club meeting . . . and doing it. ☞The engine of the *Royal Scot* encountered unexpectedly at Grand Central. ☞First view of the White Mountains after many years . . . driving with the family across the border into Canada . . . coming into Concord, Mass., in a clear summer evening after all day rain . . . the Jewish hot-dog stands along the road from Lexington to Concord; and our irreverent children exclaiming, in memory of Paul Revere, "The Yiddish are coming." ☞A maroon-colored impromptu cocktail mixed by R. K. L. one afternoon at "C's place" when a group of us found ourselves alone there, the staff of the café all absent . . . its after-effects, a perfect and universal nescience . . . and R. K. L. himself going off wearing Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach's new hat. ☞Lunches, in hot weather, in the back yard of the little Gotham Book Mart, and Jack, the waiter in the adjoining cafeteria, looking out hopefully through an iron-barred window. ☞Swimming from a motorboat in the middle of Long Island Sound. ☞The 10:30 p.m. (or thereabouts) train at Locust Valley that always used to puff by behind Marjorie Marquis's Red Barn Theatre just at the climax of the show. ☞Titania and I meeting a large brown daughter at the Hoboken terminal when she came back from camp.

☞Sawing logs in the country . . . and the whimper of the steel as it oscillates. ☞The children in the stage production of *Thunder on the Left* . . . a note written by one of those children to another during rehearsals: "I'm going to use an old cigar-box for my make-up box.—If you have a dandy box they think it's your first show."

☞The campus of Haverford College on one of October's perfect days; the feeling of a college classroom at 8:30 on a bright autumn morning; the smell of chalk. ☞The blaze of sun on the desert at Palm Springs, California; and the quiet green room hired by Ted Slocum at the Desert Inn so we could have a secret refreshment. ☞Shopping for a plush clockwork mouse; vain attempt to find one; finally in a novelty shop downtown the proprietor said, "Well, I have one, but it won't do you any good; it won't go."—His surprise when one said, "That's just what I want; one that won't go."—Symbolic, perhaps, of the play for which it was needed. ☞The house manager's secret sanctum in the cellar of the Maxine Elliott Theatre. ☞The revolving bar in the Pompeiian Room of the old Congress Hotel, Chicago—and the always startling perfume when one enters the front door of that hotel. ☞Roller skaters in Central Park; and the place at the head of the Mall where, on Sunday afternoons, they circle in an endless dizzying rotation . . . like dancing mice or the thoughts of men . . . and always, among them (the skaters) at least one of incredible grace and insouciance. ☞Champagne at Ike Mendoza's 40th anniversary celebration of his Ann Street bookshop. ☞Mr. O'Malley, good bookseller on Columbus Avenue, introducing me to *Hardscrabble* by 'Christopher Corkscrew," a little book of humorous and despairing verses written (1894) by W. I. Whiting of Beaver Street—a bookseller who actually starved to death. ☞The news, just now, that *Trivia* (by Pearsall Smith) is to come back in print—in a little book *All Trivia,* early in 1934. Those porcelain fragments will be hard to kill. ☞The impossibility, as I now realize, of listing in a catalogue like this the bright granules of one's incredulity. ☞And a recollection of Elinor Wylie's humorous formula for Better Writing—"One should use a colon where other people use a semi-colon, and a semi-colon where other people use a comma." ☞And, as I set down these chances of memory, the sudden pang in reading of Stella Benson's death—one of the most beautifully humorous (*humorous* in the Elizabethan sense) writers of our time. ☞The ingenuity of the new-fangled ink-bottles sold at Woolworth's, with very wide necks—so that the ink evaporates fast.—Perhaps it's just as well. . . .

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



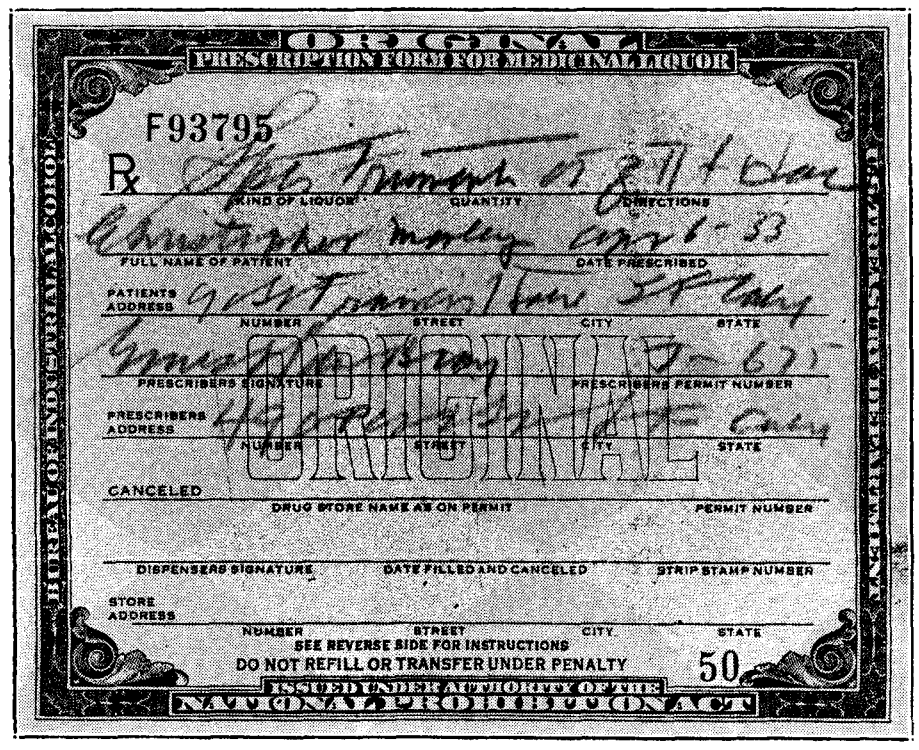
GILBERT W. GABRIEL
From a caricature by Covarrubias.

A Pyrotechnic Novel

GREAT FORTUNE. By Gilbert W. Gabriel. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

MR. GABRIEL has written a novel of a young couple caught up by the boom and thrown down by the depression. There was a playwright who knew this young couple, and was indeed secretly in love with the wife; who watched anxiously as her husband was taken up by her great relations in finance and the arts, was tormented when wealth seemed to be forcing them apart, and worse tormented when poverty seemed to be forcing them farther apart still; and who thought he could make a play of their story and their friends' by compressing and heightening it to fit the high pressure of the theatre. This playwright outlines his play, as he conceives it, to a Broadway producer. The story is told sometimes with the full analysis of the novel, and sometimes in dialogue, in the historical present, with all the forced-perspective climaxes and curtains of the stage. Even this is not all, for we see this narration not only as the narrator sees it, but also as it appears to the producer.

To see this story thus unfold itself is like reading the newspapers of the years just before and just after the crash. We find ourselves always interested but never touched. But if the book has less than it might otherwise have of human interest, it has, as has been indicated, more of interest of every other kind. It is written as a pyrotechnic display of technique, and as that it must be judged. Of its kind it is first rate; but its kind of innovation is that of the stunt rather than the experiment. That is, it is not something which other writers will seize as an advance in expression; it is a piece of ingenuity like Columbus's trick with the egg, which there would be no point in repeating. But for sheer entertainment, it keeps going more rings in its circus than any novel for several seasons.



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Judge Woolsey on "Ulysses"

I HAVE read "Ulysses" once in its entirety and I have read those passages of which the Government particularly complains several times. In fact, for many weeks, my spare time has been devoted to the consideration of the decision which my duty would require me to make in this matter.

"Ulysses" is not an easy book to read or to understand. But there has been much written about it, and in order properly to approach the consideration of it it is advisable to read a number of other books which have now become its satellites. The study of "Ulysses" is, therefore, a heavy task.

The reputation of "Ulysses" in the literary world, however, warranted my taking such time as was necessary to enable me to satisfy myself as to the intent with which the book was written, for, of course, in any case where a book is claimed to be obscene it must first be determined, whether the intent with which it was written was what is called, according to the usual phrase, pornographic,—that is, written for the purpose of exploiting obscenity.

If the conclusion is that the book is pornographic that is the end of the inquiry and forfeiture must follow.

But in "Ulysses," in spite of its unusual frankness, I do not detect anywhere the leer of the sensualist. I hold, therefore, that it is not pornographic.

In writing "Ulysses," Joyce sought to make a serious experiment in a new, if not wholly novel, literary genre. He takes persons of the lower middle class living in Dublin in 1904 and seeks not only to describe what they did on a certain day early in June of that year as they went about the City bent on their usual occupations, but also to tell what many of them thought about the while.

Joyce has attempted—it seems to me, with astonishing success—to show how the screen of consciousness with its ever shifting kaleidoscopic impressions carries, as it were on a plastic palimpsest, not only what is in the focus of each man's observation of the actual things about him, but also in the penumbral zone residua of past impressions, some recent and some drawn up by association from the domain of the subconscious. He shows how each of these impressions affects the life and behavior of the character which he is describing.

What he seeks to get is not unlike the result of a double or, if that is possible, a multiple exposure on a cinema film which would give a clear foreground with a background visible but somewhat blurred and out of focus in varying degrees.

To convey by words an effect which obviously lends itself more appropriately to a graphic technique, accounts, it seems to me, for much of the obscurity which meets a reader of "Ulysses." And it also explains another aspect of the book, which I have further to consider, namely, Joyce's sincerity and his honest effort to show exactly how the minds of his characters operate.

If Joyce did not attempt to be honest in developing the technique which he has adopted in "Ulysses" the result would be psychologically misleading and thus unfaithful to his chosen technique. Such an attitude would be artistically inexcusable.

It is because Joyce has been loyal to his technique and has not funked its necessary implications, but has honestly attempted to tell fully what his characters think about, that he has been the subject of so many attacks and that his purpose has been so often misunderstood and misrepresented. For his attempt sincerely and honestly to realize his objective has required him incidentally to use certain words which are generally considered dirty words and has led at times to what many think is a too poignant preoccupation with sex in the thoughts of his characters.

The words which are criticized as dirty are old Saxon words known to almost all men and, I venture, to many women, and are such words as would be naturally and habitually used, I believe, by the types of folk whose life, physical and mental, Joyce is seeking to describe. In respect of the recurrent emergence of the theme of sex in the minds of his characters, it must always be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season Spring.

Whether or not one enjoys such a technique as Joyce uses is a matter of taste on which disagreement or argument is futile, but to subject that technique to the standards of some other technique seems to me to be little short of absurd.

Accordingly, I hold that "Ulysses" is a sincere and honest book and I think that the criticisms of it are entirely disposed of by its rationale.

Furthermore, "Ulysses" is an amazing *tour de force* when one considers the success which has been in the main achieved with such a difficult objective as Joyce set for himself. As I have stated, "Ulysses" is not an easy book to read. It is brilliant and dull, intelligible and obscure by turns. In many places it seems to me to be disgusting, but although it contains, as I have mentioned above, many words usually considered dirty, I have not found anything that I consider to be dirt for dirt's sake. Each word of the book contributes like a bit of mosaic to the detail of the picture which Joyce is seeking to construct for his readers.

If one does not wish to associate with such folk as Joyce describes, that is one's own choice. In order to avoid indirect contact with them one may not wish to read "Ulysses"; that is quite understandable. But when such a real artist in words, as Joyce undoubtedly is, seeks to draw a true picture of the lower middle class in a European city, ought it to be impossible for the American public legally to see that picture?

To answer this question it is not sufficient merely to find, as I have found above, that Joyce did not write "Ulysses" with what is commonly called pornographic intent, I must endeavor to apply a more objective standard to his book in order to determine its effect in the result, irrespective of the intent with which it was written. . . .

The meaning of the word "obscene" as legally defined by the Courts is: tending to stir the sex impulses or to lead to sexually impure and lustful thoughts. . . .

Whether a particular book would tend to excite such impulses and thoughts must be tested by the Court's opinion as to its effect on a person with average sex instincts — what the French would call *l'homme moyen sensuel*—who plays, in this branch of legal inquiry, the same role of hypothetical reagent as does the "reasonable man" in the law of torts and "the man learned in the art" on questions of invention in patent law.

The risk involved in the use of such a reagent arises from the inherent tendency of the trier of facts, however fair he may intend to be, to make his reagent too much subservient to his own idiosyncrasies. Here, I have attempted to avoid this, if possible, and to make my reagent herein more objective than he might otherwise be, by adopting the following course:

After I had made my decision in regard to the aspect of "Ulysses" now under consideration, I checked my impressions with two friends of mine who in my opinion answered to the above stated requirement for my reagent.

These literary assessors—as I might properly describe them—were called on separately, and neither knew that I was consulting the other. They are men whose opinion on literature and on life I value most highly. They had both read "Ulysses," and, of course, were wholly uncontected with this cause.

Without letting either of my assessors know what my decision was, I gave to each of them the legal definition of obscene and asked each whether in his opinion "Ulysses" was obscene within that definition.

I was interested to find that they both agreed with my opinion: that reading "Ulysses" in its entirety, as a book must be read on such a test as this, did not tend to excite sexual impulses or lustful thoughts but that its net effect on them was only that of a somewhat tragic and very powerful commentary on the inner lives of men and women.

It is only with the normal person that the law is concerned. Such a test as I have described, therefore, is the only proper test of obscenity in the case of a book like 'Ulysses" which is a sincere and serious attempt to devise a new literary method for the observation and description of mankind.

I am quite aware that owing to some of its scenes "Ulysses" is a rather strong draught to ask some sensitive, though normal, persons to take. But my considered opinion, after long reflection, is that whilst in many places the effect of "Ulysses" on the reader undoubtedly is somewhat emetic, no where does it tend to be an aphrodisiac.

"Ulysses" may, therefore, be admitted into the United States.

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CATCHING UP WITH LITERATURE

WHO does not remember with delight the enchanted days of youth when great books first began to yield their treasures, and time and the world fell away as their adventures unfolded? To recapture that complete absorption in later years is one of life's most infrequent experiences, and yet on occasion it happens that some classic come upon in maturity exerts the old potent spell. Twice since we grew up have we fallen upon a book that until we finished it held us oblivious to everything outside its pages, the first time when, finally overcoming our reluctance to read romance of its kind, we were held enthralled by "The Count of Monte Cristo," and the second, when discarding our virtuous resolution to read it in French, we took up an English translation of "Les Miserables." The world might have come to an end for all we cared while we were reading them.

All this preamble simply leads to the fact that we had a letter from *K. S. M. of Chillicothe, Ohio,* asking us "to suggest a reading list for a young man who is now a senior in an Eastern college where he is taking pre-medical work, . . . and who during his college years has devoted most of his time to science and feels the lack of a background in both the classics and modern literature." We chortled in vicarious glee at the prospect of the joys before him, and straightway fell to drawing up a list which has no beginning and no end. It has no beginning because we're leaving out of it all such writers as may be considered the very start of an acquaintance with great literature, Homer and Virgil, Euripides and Æschylus, Shakespeare, Chaucer and Milton, Dante, Goethe, Molière, and Cervantes; and it has no end because we're including very few of the books of the moment. We're inserting no names of publishers except in such instances as the books we mention are unavailable in inexpensive reprint editions. Many of them appear in three or four of the popular series.

And now we're off with a passing reference to Bunyan's PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, Defoe's ROBINSON CRUSOE, and Swift's GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, which so many of us read as children and never as they were intended, and a sideglance at Sheridan's THE RIVALS and THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, and Goldsmith's SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER to a list of novels which includes the last named's THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, Fielding's TOM JONES, Sterne's TRISTRAM SHANDY, and Smollett's THE ADVENTURES OF HUMPHREY CLINKER and THE ADVENTURES OF RODERICK RANDOM. We stop to indulge our private enthusiasm in a sentence devoted solely to Jane Austen from whose novels, if he must choose instead of reading all, X, as we're dubbing our unknown collegian for purposes of convenience, should select PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, EMMA, PERSUASION, and NORTHANGER ABBEY in the order of their naming. (Incidentally, for the small sum of one dollar expended on the Modern Library Giant containing all the novels of the incomparable Jane, one could quite contentedly go adrift on a desert island for a considerable period.) And now we move on with the stream of English fiction to Scott with IVANHOE, KENILWORTH, QUENTIN DURWARD, and THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN as first preferences, and come from them smack on to the era of the Victorians. There used to be, as Professor William Lyon Phelps said in his article on Dickens in last week's issue of the *Review*, a standing controversy among their adherents as to the respective superiority of Dickens and Thackeray. We don't care how it's been settled, for at one moment we think that DAVID COPPERFIELD has given us more joy than almost any other book in the world, and then we're sure it's PENDENNIS that has meant most to us. And we know that PICKWICK PAPERS is as supreme of its kind as VANITY FAIR is magnificent in its genre. And if the younger generation still scoffs at the Victorian novelists, then all we can say is so much the worse for the younger generation. And that gives us abrupt pause, for we think we hear in our last sentence the echo of a Dickens cadence.

To go on with the Victorians. We think that X ought to read not only PENDENNIS and VANITY FAIR, but at least HENRY ESMOND and THE NEWCOMES besides, and we're sure he oughtn't to leave Dickens till he has added to PICKWICK PAPERS and DAVID COPPERFIELD, DOMBEY AND SON, NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, and OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, and as many more of the novels as he has time for. But he isn't through with the Victorians with Dickens and Thackeray by a long shot. For he ought to read Charlotte Brontë's JANE EYRE and SHIRLEY and Emily Brontë's WUTHERING HEIGHTS, and he might include Wilkie Collins's THE MOONSTONE and THE WOMAN IN WHITE, and he should make time for George Eliot's SILAS MARNER, THE MILL ON THE FLOSS, and ROMOLA. We got so interested in rereading the last-named novel in Florence that we almost forgot that outside our window lay one of the most enchanting cities in all the wide world, and later, when we went to the monastery of San Marco, we were divided between our delight in the tender, beatific Fra Angelicos, Savonarola's cell, and the great bell that clanged the populace to his sermons, and our amazement at the accuracy with which George Eliot had presented the background of her story. But that's not getting X any further with his reading. He shouldn't leave the Victorians without reading Bulwer-Lytton's THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. (We'll confess to a liking for some of his other novels ourself, KENELM CHILLINGLY, for instance, which, read in early youth, gave us our first ideas of fatalistic philosophy, and THE CAXTONS, from which we derived a burning desire to see the Australian bush, and a belief that the Southern Cross was incomparably more brilliant than any other constellation in the heavens. We've lived long enough now to believe that Bulwer was never any nearer Australia than we have been, and travellers tell us that the Southern Cross is far less bright than Orion. Be that as it may, we won't be satisfied unless we see it burning in the Southern heavens before we die, any more than we'll close our eyes contented unless we've seen the falls of the Zambesi in Africa.) And that again gets us no further. But we'll have to run this list as a serial and turn from it now with a "to be continued in our next." So now from fiction "to war and arms I fly."

OHIO IN THE CIVIL WAR

J. W. R. of Seattle, Wash., wants to know whether anything has been published on the Ninth Ohio Cavalry in the Civil War. To judge from the array of titles included in the catalogue of the New York Public Library we should say that there must have been a steady flow of regimental histories from every state in the Union—and the non-Union—for years after the conflict. As for the Ninth Ohio Cavalry, fifty years after the war was over William Douglas Hamilton, who was its Major, wrote a volume of reminiscences entitled RECOLLECTIONS OF A CAVALRYMAN OF THE CIVIL WAR (Columbus, O.: F. J. Herr) which contained its history. THE MILITARY HISTORY OF OHIO, by A. Parsons Stevens (New York & Toledo: Hardesty), contains information on all Ohio counties, giving the roster of rank and file for the county, regimental histories, and histories of the G. A. R., Ladies Auxiliary Posts, and camps of the sons of veterans.

DICTATORS AND DICTATORSHIPS

Next on our list is the request of *F. H. J. of Seattle, Washington,* who desires material bearing upon "dictatorships and the one-party system; . . . and the specific problems of fascism in Germany and Mussolini (Italy)." He will find a discussion of the one-party, or one-man, system from the historical angle in Count Carlo Sforza's EUROPEAN DICTATORSHIPS (Coward-McCann). Present-day fascism he will find challengingly handled in John Strachey's THE MENACE OF FASCISM (Covici, Friede) and in DICTATORSHIP ON TRIAL, by O. Forst-Battaglia (Harcourt, Brace). The Hogarth Press of England published a pamphlet entitled POLITICAL AND SOCIAL DOCTRINE OF FASCISM which should prove useful. Of course on German fascism Hitler himself has spoken in his recently published autobiography, MY BATTLE, and an excellent brief summary of what has happened to Germany is to be found in Hamilton Armstrong's HITLER'S REICH (Macmillan). Edgar Ansel Mowrer's GERMANY PUTS THE CLOCK BACK (Morrow) is an admirable portrayal of the developments leading up to Hitler's ascendency. Il Duce has gone on record as to his theories in TALKS WITH MUSSOLINI, by Eden and Cedar Paul (Little, Brown).

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

WHAT I LIKE. By William Lyon Phelps. Scribner. 1933. $2.75.

Professor Phelps boasts in his Preface that he has subjected these "favorite pieces" to no editing or even arrangement: "The order of the selection is neither chronological nor logical. No one can obtain any idea of the development of literature in any country from this book." It is merely an assembly of items and fragments the assembler happens to admire, offered for the enjoyment of readers who want a good "bed book."

"They're here because they're here," says the Professor, breezy and unshackled as always: "In literary criticism I love to 'go it alone.' I love the uncharted sea and the pathless woods. Furthermore, I enjoy putting other critics into that state of mind usually described as a cold fury." We should say a mild irritation is about the limit of his achievement in that direction. Responsible criticism cannot positively commend a slapdash temperamentalism uttering itself *ex cathedra.* It surmises that "Billy Phelps," the good fellow, who knows what he likes, is accepted as a popular oracle largely because of his connection with William Lyon Phelps, professor and academician. He has no perceptible touchstone of taste, this book once more confesses. It is a jumble of odds and ends, good, bad, and indifferent. You would say they had been snatched up at random if they were not labeled "collection." Some of the material is of little merit as prose, being included because its subject or its ideas appeal to this assembler.

He has at least the courage of his likings, and the short notes prefixed to his chosen items deal liberally in superlatives. Dickens is "the greatest of the British novelists." Turgeniev is "the supreme artist of all novelists in all countries and climes." "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After". "make the best story ever written." And so on. Incredibly, on the other hand, Emerson is to be summed up as "the quiet Massachusetts farmer"; and Thackeray to be disposed of, along with Meredith Nicholson, "as the right article for all those who like the opening of the day with a good breakfast and the opening of a novel with a good incident."

Any book of seven hundred pages ranging over the course of the world's literature from Homer to Ring Lardner is bound to challenge more by omission than by inclusion. If Professor Phelps had even kept his idea of "bed book" more firmly in mind, he must have left out a deal of prosy prose, and have had room for many more of the deathless treasures of sheer literary entertainment.

H. W. B.

Fiction

MANY HAPPY RETURNS. By Richard Strachey. Harcourt, Brace. 1933. $2.50.

According to this newest of the writing Stracheys, the nephew of the late Lytton Strachey, their name really was Treetop—that is, the name of the family of which he treats, whose chronicle begins and ends at Brighton. Samuel Treetop is the chief performer. We get him from small boyhood into adolescence—though hardly through it, for all that he has a servant maid as part-time mistress. He becomes a smart young man in London, and Joseph, his younger brother, even more of an exotic. And Monica Mavis, his childhood friend who first introduced him to matters amatory later, in revulsion from the inanities of her smart young crowd, loses herself for a while in dismal purlieus to live, not, she admits, as Sonya with her Raskolnikov, but as Egeria to a particularly loathesome Abe; this vagary probably being deliciously sordid (inasmuch as the girl is really very smart and rich) but pretty unbelievable to the merely average reader. Spring, however, comes to London, and April plays the fool with most of the characters, and Samuel and Monica (now no longer Mona Levis, her *nom de guerre*) eventually find each other again; and the principals return to Brighton. Meanwhile there is some amusing description of certain Treetops in a sort of rabbit-warren on Gordon Square and of wassail at a certain tavern which may or may not be the Fitzroy Tavern in London. We should say the novel was pretty Bloomsbury, and pretty kaleidoscopic, and somewhat muddled, and subject to obfuscations and foreshortenings that are not too paralyzingly clever. Mrs. Treetop is a rather funny caricature. Everybody, indeed, seems to be slightly feeble-minded, except as children.

Beyond doubt this new writer has talents. It seems as though he might use them to better advantage. He starts out well and then begins to take too many short-cuts and devote pages to trivia that are not too absorbingly amusing. Perhaps it is unfair too look too severely upon such light-heartedness; but there are indications throughout that the author might have written a real book, if he had been less content with auctorial acrobatics and incidental drolleries (that become a whit too droll) and had set himself truly to develop his characters as complete human beings. He is a clever young man, as it is; but we, for one, hope he will outgrow this and become a novelist.

W. R. B.

SENATOR MARLOWE'S DAUGHTER. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. New York: Messner. 1933. $2.50.

This is a novel of serious intention and elaborate construction, about an American girl who marries a Prussian of rank, suffers the necessity of surrender to the standards and habits of his caste, is restored to America by the war, and there achieves a public career and private happiness. There is much "good writing" in it, there are striking scenes and an interesting assortment of types, but the performance as a whole fails to "click" in the irresistible fashion of creative fiction. It is too plainly an arrangement of incidents and an expression of ideas. And the reader's sense of the reality of the central figure grows less rather than more as the tale goes on. Faith Marlowe, the innocent abroad, the young bride of a stranger, is more impressive than the masterful matron who succeeds in becoming the third Senator Marlowe and in her moment of triumph succumbs to the faithful adorer who has been hovering in the background from the beginning of the story.

H. W. B.

THE SKELETON. By Kathleen Coyle. Dutton. 1933. $2.

This novel has a spurious subtlety. Every sentence is written to be meaningful, to kindle the imagination with delicate strokes, and yet the effect is tiresome. Nothing ever really comes of it all.

Mary Grace, its heroine, hasn't seen Laverock, or England, for thirty years, not since her elopement with a gamekeeper. Suddenly, she decided to return to her girlhood home. When she arrives all is as it had been before, the tamarisk tree and the family bound by their small world. For a time she is looked upon as an alien, but gradually she makes her influence felt, and her family begin to regard her with new eyes. Ultimately the tragedy which constitutes the background of the book is dissipated, and Mary Grace comes into her own.

N. E.

International

GERMANY—TWILIGHT OR NEW DAWN? Anonymous. Whittlesey House. 1933. $2.

This is a book for those who seek a cogent explanation of the recent changes in the German Reich. Here are no diatribes, no appeals to liberal sympathies, which are apt to bewilder by their diversity; there is likewise no attempt to justify the present régime. The various factors which have contributed to the rise of the Nazis are frankly set forth and dispassionately appraised by the German author.

It is clearly indicated that the sense of international inferiority created by the Versailles settlement and by subsequent Franco-Polish pressure inevitably provided the Germans with a deep-seated nationalistic feeling. The administrative maladjustments of the Weimar Constitution roused in them a distrust of parliamentary procedure, while the practical extinction of the middle class, resulting from inflation, opened up new vistas of social necessity. To an electorate troubled by such dilemmas the National Socialists offered as panacea a simplified platform whose inconsistencies were obscured by the forcefulness of one man: Hitler. The diverse emotions to which he appealed, coupled with the Teutonic love of authority, gradually allowed him to establish supreme control over all the instrumentalities of national life, and the unity of dictatorship still augurs more definite

(*Continued on page* 362)

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FOR FOX-HUNTERS

THE Gosden Head, Ltd., of 10 East 50th Street, has apprised me of the fact that they are bringing out the first illustrated edition of *Anthony Trollope's* "Hunting Sketches," with an introduction by *James Boyd*, M. F. H. These essays first appeared in book form in England on May 10th, 1865, published by Chapman and Hall. Few remember that Trollope, besides being an indefatigable writer of novels, always felt it a positive duty to ride to hounds.

> Nothing [he says] has ever been allowed to stand in the way of hunting,—neither the writing of books, nor the work of the Post Office, nor other pleasures. As regarded the Post Office, it soon seemed to be understood that I was to hunt; and when my services were re-transferred to England, no word of difficulty ever reached me about it.

For the present work, after considering various modern illustrators, *Robert Ball* was commissioned to undertake the illustration of the book. The publishers are confident that with these illustrations Ball will take his place with *John Leech, Randolph Caldecott*, and *Hugh Thomson*. Having seen the reproductions of some of his pencil-drawings I must say I think them first-rate. As to the introducer of the book, I didn't know before that *James Boyd*, the celebrated author of "Drums," "Long Hunt," "Marching On," etc., is also Joint Master of the Moore County Hounds in North Carolina. What he has done here is really to write an essay on fox-hunting.

FROM THE NETHER REGIONS

Beulah Jo Wickard of Oklahoma City assures me that she is—or soon will be—in hell, and thought I might be interested to know that *The Saturday Review's* circulation includes that region. However, I am glad to ascertain that she has committed no greater crime than to swear to "squander every cent of my Christmas allowance on my heart's desires, and send only my love to my friends." This year she will not be Santa's little helper. In fact, to make assurance doubly sure, she has sent me the following sonnet to that effect:

CHRISTMAS LETTER
TO MY FRIENDS (if there be such)

Tiptoeing at the cupboard I have stood
Searching, searching diligently where
No treasure is, but china, musty air
Against a background of unvarnished wood.
Lost, all lost, but why, or how I could
Have lost the coins deposited with care,
Saved for your gift in the delf pitcher there,
I cannot fathom, though perhaps I should.

Better to explain, to be quite clear;
The coppers that once clinked against the delf
I spent for knickknacks; oh, 'tis hard to tell
As it must surely be for you to hear,
And know that I for greed must go to hell
Bedecked with fineries I gave myself!

ALONG THE NORTH WALL

Several times in the past I have mentioned the interesting type of catalogue got out by The Argus Book Shop at 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago. It is a discursive booklet entitled "Along the North Wall" and consisting of a survey from shelf to shelf of the north wall of the bookshop with gossip of the books and authors. There has been some good writing in it. Now, unlike its predecessors, the new issue consists in the main of contributions by the writers themselves. *Henry Mencken, Robert Nichols*, and others have made contributions. *William McFee* makes a long one, anent his "The Reflections of Marsyas," wherein he lambastes all modern poets. There is a great deal of nonsense about most minor modern poets and there are certainly grounds for "Mac" 's irritability concerning them, but his attack doesn't seem to me to be discriminating enough.

Speaking of walls, *Edwina Stanton Babcock* sends me a poem about a snail on a wet day by a muddy wall—and it seems to me a very good poem about a snail. A snail is a little difficult to write about, as there has never seemed to me to be much drama in the life of one. So judge whether this be not a snail to the life!

SNAIL SHELL

This is the ragged day, wet underfoot—
A twitching rain along the muddy wall—
To bring him on an enigmatic route
Under dead stalk and dry seed-empty caul,
Slight caravan, daring the casual boot.
Grey delicate shape on geographic mud
Conveying leisurely comment on all haste,
Whose tentative horns spiral the rotting wood,
Ascend slow ladders, ivy-interlaced,
Or pause beneath a spectral flower-hood.

Where, swaying in slow metronome, his shell
Rocks in bland balance on the syncophant rain
Before he fords a pebble-shallowed well,
Circles a sea fed by the turbulent drain
Or boards a leaf where racing gutters swell.

Till, grey imperial sultan of the slime,
He halts his palanquin, and pensive-paced
As one foreknowing ultimate road and time,
Tents in the dome on his own body based,
Within a bush's rainy-bordered clime.
While I who cross his path go my own ways

Poising like him my house upon my back,
Cheating this brain where all desire plays,
Leading it on an artificial track,
Yet knowing it shell—where the balked being stays.

THE ULYSSES DECISION

I wish to be allowed to throw my own cap in the air because of *Judge John Woolsey's* decision concerning *James Joyce's* "Ulysses," and express my gladness that Random House can now, with all possible speed, publish a complete and unabridged edition. Their edition will contain, besides the complete text of "Ulysses," a special introduction by James Joyce and also the full text of Judge Woolsey's decision in favor of the book. I believe that this is a great step forward in the emancipation of books from stupid and ignorant censorship. Judge Woolsey spoke out like a cultivated man of intelligence with understanding of the job of the writer. This is unusual from the bench—though it should not be.

Random House also announces that on January 8th, the same day that the Theatre Guild production of the play opens in New York, they will publish *Eugene O'Neill's* new play, "Days Without End." Mr. O'Neill calls the new work a "modern miracle play," and they say that in many respects it is the most controversial play he has ever written. The first trade edition of it will consist of ten thousand copies.

NOW BANNING BANVILLE

I must ban *Banville* after this. He has started so much correspondence. But before I do so I must inform you that *Morris Bishop*, from Ithaca, N. Y., has informed *me* that Banville's inspired line is "a children's round, taken by Banville as a theme for his variations," and that *Bruce Simonds* of New Haven adds:

> It comes from an old French folk-song, which must antedate Banville by a hundred years, and is famous all over France—so famous, in fact, that Banville apparently thought it unnecessary to point out his very evident borrowing. The first verse is as follows:
>
> Nous n'irons plus au bois, les lauriers sont coupés,
> La belle que voilà la laissons-nous danser?
> Entrez dans la danse,
> Voyez comm' on danse,
> Sautez, dansez,
> Embrassez qui vous voudrez!
>
> You can find the whole piece in Tiersot's collection of French folk-songs, or in the famous child's book *Polichinelle*. I think you will agree that A. E. Housman would be much more apt to paraphrase a line from a French folk-song than a line of Banville.

SMOKE

The editorial board of *Smoke*, 106 Williams Street, Providence, R. I., a magazine of poetry, has been reorganized. It is now edited by *S. Foster Damon, D. C. DeJong, Frank Merchant*, and *Susanna V. Mitchell*.

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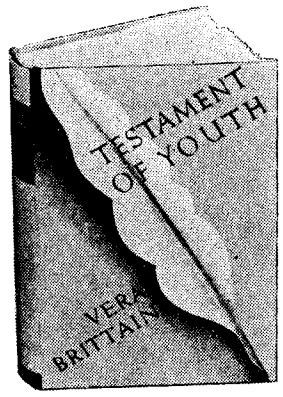

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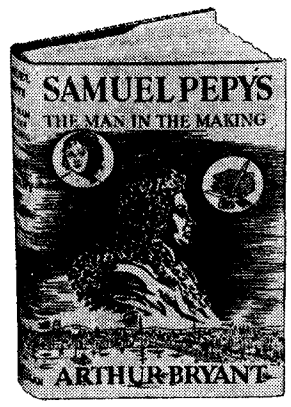

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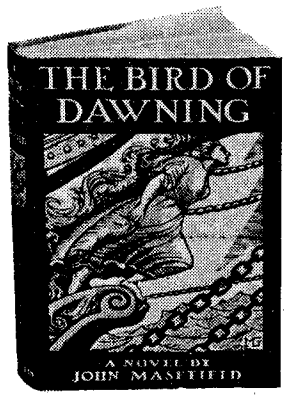

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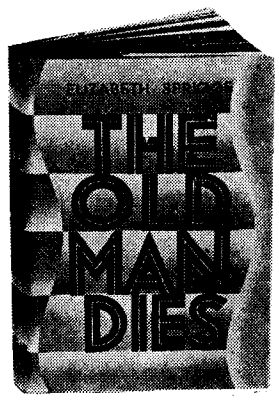

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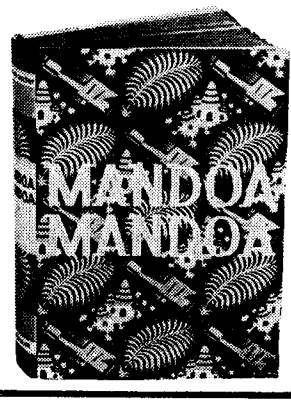

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Your Money's Worth

BY MABEL A. HOWE

EVERY woman knows the difficulty of shopping on a reduced budget. It requires thought and planning before you ever go inside a shop, and then when you start out to find what you have decided you can afford to buy, it requires time and patience, as well as strength, to get what you want. This sounds a rather depressing and laborious task, but if taken in the spirit of those old-fashioned books for girls, in which it always seemed somewhat of a lark to be poor, you can make a sort of game of it, and actually surprise yourself by the results.

There is a great number of inexpensive books; you need only take the time to make the necessary selection in order to give books to your friends this Christmas. Naturally they will not all be handsome gifts, but if you know your friend's taste, and, what is more important, the book you are buying, then you will be giving a present that will give pleasure because it was especially chosen for a special person, and its cost will not be considered. Now I can hear you say, "I don't like all those cheap books I see piled high in drugstores, and those other cheap editions that are advertised everywhere. At any rate, for Christmas presents." You're quite right, those drugstore mountains of books seem like so much merchandise in a warehouse. But you do not have to go to drugstores to get a good number of inexpensive books that do not get much publicity.

Well, let us get to the shopping list and see what we can find. Shall we start with fiction, since that is the most widely read class of books there is? Now perhaps you'll argue that unless a novel is absolutely hot off the press it can't be sent as a present. But I don't agree with you. There are so many fine titles of a few years ago in attractive cheap editions that you will be sure to find something that both you and your friends have missed. For instance, do you know that absorbing and very sophisticated story by G. B. Stern, "The China Shop"? Many people who are most enthusiastic about her books never heard of this one. It comes in a most attractive small edition (Knopf, $1); the print and paper are good, the cover stiff, the size just right to hold comfortably—better, I think, than the larger size of the ordinary novel. In this same attractive edition you will find "Ralph Herne" and "Tales of the Pampas," by W. H. Hudson; five titles by Knut Hamsun; one by Joseph Hergesheimer, "The Happy End"; "Youth and the Bright Medusa," by Willa Cather; "The Lovely Ship" and "The Voyage Home," by Storm Jameson. And there are many others including a long list of translations. The Grove edition of Galsworthy (Scribner, $1) is the same diminished size that I like so much, and how many people there are who have only read his Forsyte stories, and don't know "The Country House," "Fraternity," or "The Patrician." In the Grosset and Dunlap list of Novels of Distinction for $1 each, which must not be confused with their seventy-five cent reprints that are not so suitable for gifts, you will find an amazing variety to choose from. These books are the size of an ordinary novel, and while the paper and binding must be cheaper, they are almost as goodlooking as the $2 and $2.50 variety. Some of these titles are: "Basquerie," by Eleanor Mercein; "Coronet," by Komroff; "Dr. Serocold," by Ashton; "The Edwardians," by V. Sackville-West; "Rogue Heries," by Walpole, and "William," by E. H. Young. The Garden City Publishing Company also print very attractive looking novels for $1. Here are some from their list: "Father Malachy's Miracle," by Bruce Marshall (I advise you to read this before sending it to anyone); "First Person Singular" (fascinating short stories) and "Cakes and Ale," by Somerset Maugham; "Nothing but Wodehouse," by P. G. Wodehouse; and "Brave New World" by Aldous Huxley.

It may be that someone of your friends has gaps in her library she would be delighted to have filled. If so, you can get her in the Modern Library Giant Series, at the small cost of ninety-five cents, Samuel Butler's "Erewhon and Erewhon Revisited," both novels complete in one volume, and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." Tolstoy's "War and Peace"; Hugo's "Les Miserables"; Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson"; "The Complete Poems of Keats and Shelley," and Gibbon's "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" (the latter in two volumes), are to be had for a dollar a volume.

Perhaps you have a friend who was much impressed by the revival production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Do you know that old timer with the Daugherty illustrations and good big print? (Coward-McCann, $1.) Has your friend who is crazy about Sabatini ever read those thrilling French Revolutionary novels by Felix Gras: "Reds of the Midi," "The Terror," and "The White Terror?" (Appleton Dollar Library). For the Herman Melville enthusiast there are his less known titles, "Piazza Tales," and "Redburn" (Long & Smith, $1 each).

Among mystery and crime stories there are: "The Herapath Property," "The Middle Temple Murder," and "The Paradise Mystery," by J. S. Fletcher (Knopf, $1 each); "The Forgotten Clue," "The Thrill of Evil," and "Crimes of Love and Hate," by H. Ashton-Wolfe (Houghton Mifflin, $1 each); "Famous Trials of History," by Lord Birkenhead (Garden City, $1); "The Omnibus of Crime," edited by Dorothy Sayers (Garden City, $1); and "Fourteen Great Detective Stories" (Modern Library, $.95).

Surely you can find something in that list that you can use and there are two or three times as many more that I haven't mentioned.

Now let's see what there is in biography, which is almost as popular a class of reading as fiction. The business man might like "Morgan, the Magnificent," by John K. Winkler (Garden City, $1); "John D.: a Portrait in Oils," also by Winkler (Blue Ribbon Books, $1). The man who enjoys Dumas novels might like "The Incredible Marquis, Alexander Dumas," by Herbert Gorman (Farrar and Rinehart, $1). That very fine biography of Henry VIII, by Francis Hackett, comes in a dollar edition (Garden City) and this should be especially popular just now when the movie of Henry the Eighth is being shown everywhere. There's a chance for a wide selection in American historical biographies as follows: "Andrew Jackson, an Epic in Homespun," and "Randolph of Roanoke," both by Gerald W. Johnson; "Benedict Arnold, the Proud Warrior," by Sellers; "Jefferson Davis, His Rise and Fall," and "Stonewall Jackson, the Good Soldier," both by Allen Tate. These are all in the Minton, Balch Series of American biographies at $1 each. Gamaliel Bradford's "Lee, the American" (Houghton Mifflin, $1) and Brown's "Lonely Americans," (Coward-McCann, $1) belong in this same group.

Among the biographies of women there are: "My Story," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Garden City, $1), "Queen Elizabeth," by Katherine Anthony (Garden City, $1), "Abigail Adams," by Dorothie Bobbé (Minton, Balch, $1), and "Mary Paxson: Her Book, the Diary of a Real Child from 1880-1884" (Doubleday, $1). This last is about a child but adults will appreciate its charm probably more than children. "Mère Marie of the Ursulines," by Agnes Repplier (Grosset, $1), "The Household of Sir Thomas More," by Manning (Dutton's Everyman's, cloth, $.75, leather $1) would be especially interesting to Catholics, although almost anyone would enjoy them.

Next we will consider travel, which divides itself into two classes: the books for those who are going to travel, and the books of adventure for those who stay at home. In the first class you should consult McBride's list of Dollar Travel Books. They are remarkably attractive and include such titles as "The Call of England," by Morton; "Come with Me Through France," by Schoonmaker; "Planning a Trip Abroad," by Hungerford; "Two Vagabonds in Spain," by J. and C. Gordon; and "Let's Do the Mediterranean," by Carveth Wells. Among practical small guide books I offer "London Restaurants" and "Paris Restaurants" (Coward-McCann, $1.25 each), "Paris for Everyman" (Dutton, $1.25); and "Bermuda," by Dorr (Scribners, $1.25). There are two novels that make appropriate presents for anyone going to Florence. "A Room with a View," by E. M. Forster (Knopf, $1) is a most entertaining story about English people spending the winter there in a pension; and "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," by Merejkowski (Modern Library, $.95) gives you a vivid picture of Florence at the time of Savonarola. Somerset Maugham's "Andalusia" (Knopf, $1) is the perfect gift for anyone going to Spain.

The two best lists for the adventure type of travel books are those published by Grosset and Dunlap, Century Vagabond

(*Continued on following page*)

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Your Money's Worth

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Travel Books, $1 each, and by the Garden City Publishing Co., $1 each. From the first list I choose as samples, "India Speaks," by Halliburton; "To Lhasa in Disguise," by McGovern; "The City of the Sacred Well," by Willard; and "Hot Countries," by Waugh. From the second list mentioned, "An Indian Journey," by Bonsels; "India, Land of the Black Pagoda," by Lowell Thomas; "By Way of Cape Horn," and "Falmouth for Orders," by A. J. Villiers.

Among the books of poetry I will mention just a few, and will start with Louis Untermeyer's anthologies issued in inexpensive school editions by Harcourt, Brace & Co.: "Modern American Poetry" ($1); "Modern British Poetry" ($1); "Yesterday and To-Day" ($1). Some others are: "170 Chinese Poems," translated by Waley (Knopf, $1); "Book of Christmas Verse," edited by Beeching (Oxford University Press, $1.25); "The King's Daughter," by V. Sackville-West (Doubleday, $1.); "Poems," by Robert Louis Stevenson (not "The Child's Garden of Verses") (Scribners, $1). The Yale University Press published a Yale series of younger poets at $1.25 each, and Coward-McCann, "Songs of To-day Series," at $1 each. That favorite of Don Marquis's, "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith," comes in the Appleton Dollar Library. For the lover of criticism and literary discussion, you will find in Dutton's Everyman's Series (75 cents) "Imaginary Conversations and Poems," by Walter Savage Landor; Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria"; Hazlitt's "Table Talk"; Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque." In the World's Classics Series (Oxford University Press) "Essays and Sketches," by Leigh Hunt; "Essays and Letters," by Tolstoy, translated by Aylmer Maude, and "English Essays," arranged by W. Peacock.

Now we'll turn to more practical subjects. Surely everyone knows an ardent gardener whom they would like to remember at Christmas time. In making a selection for this friend you have the following from which to choose: "Simple Guide to Rock Gardening," by Cotter (Macmillan, $1); "Perennial Gardens," by Ortloff (Macmillan, $1.25); "Roof Gardening," by Mellen (De La Mare, $1.25); "The Woman's Flower Garden," by Kift (De La Mare, $1.25); and "Milady's House Plants," by Palmer (De La Mare, paper $1, cloth $1.25). There are several series of garden books: six titles by F. F. Rockwell, published by Macmillan at $1 each; "The House and Garden Making Books," published by McBride at $.75 each; and a series edited by H. H. Thomas, published by Funk & Wagnalls at $1.25 each.

In the field of sports we will begin with golf, and here there are, "Golf for Beginners and Others," by Whitlatch (Macmillan, $1); "Golf for the Late Beginner," by Hughes (McBride, $1); "Modern Golf," by Hilton (Macmillan, $1) and "Down the Fairway," by Robert T. Jones and Keller (Blue Ribbon Books, $1). The last title would probably be the most popular in this group.

For the hunter you have, "Rifles and Rifle Shooting," and "Wing and Trap Shooting," by Askins (Macmillan, $1 each); "Tracks and Tracking," by Brunner (Macmillan, $1); and "Sporting Firearms," by Kephart (Macmillan, $1). And for the fisherman there are, "Fisherman's Knots and Wrinkles," by Hunter (Macmillan, $1); "Amateur Rod Making," by Frazer (Macmillan, $1); "Fine Art of Fishing," "Fishing Kits and Equipment," and "Fishing with Floating Flies," by Camp (Macmillan, $1 each). I am sure there are many fishermen who have never read that delightful essay by Bliss Perry, "Fishing with a Worm" (Houghton Mifflin, $1), even though it was written over twenty-five years ago.

The yachtsman might be suited with one of these: "Navigation for the Amateur," by Morton (Macmillan, $1); "Small Boat Building," by Patterson (Macmillan, $1); or "The Nautilus Library" (Stokes, $1 each) which contains: "Mysteries of the Sea"; "Peril of the Sea," by Lockhart; and "Sea Wolves of the Mediterranean," by Currey. That famous old sea yarn, "Thar she Blows," beautifully printed by Random House at $1, makes a most attractive present.

And now I have come to the end of my list, and will offer just one more title that stands in a class by itself: "The Art of Mixing," [drinks] (Macrae-Smith, $.75).

Perhaps you don't like my choices, or perhaps you haven't got any of the friends that I have imagined, but at any rate you have friends, and since I have shown you some of the possibilities, get busy and make your own list. There are three or four times as many titles to choose from as I have listed here, and you can probably do it much better than I can. But whatever you do, please don't buy blindly on my advice, for we most likely think differently on two or three subjects. You've no idea how much you can discover about a book by looking at it two minutes.

Children's Bookshelf

BEAST, BIRD AND FISH. An animal alphabet by Elizabeth Morrow and René d'Harnoncourt. Music by Eberhard d'Harnoncourt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $1.50.

A SURPRISE TO THE CHILDREN. By Mary Kennedy. Music by Deems Taylor. Illustrated by J. H. Dowd. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by AILEEN SHEA

FOR little children between four and seven years, providing they are lucky enough to have a piano-playing parent or friend, Mrs. Morrow's musical alphabet will be a source of learning and a year-round joy. The descriptive verses are short and easy to memorize. A good majority of the twenty-six songs are both delightful and singable; some are composed in the simple idiom of a nursery rhyme; others, following the lilt of certain well-known folk tunes, sparkle with fun. Particularly attractive to children are the Lambkin, Kangaroo, and Umbrella-bird songs; but they are almost equally delighted with the pompous Hippopotamus and his minor chords, and with the Elephant whose catastrophic sneeze moved the composer to write eight charming bars of ominous music. The color contrasts used by René d'Harnoncourt may seem strange and ugly to older people, but children like these pictures. This artist's enthusiasm for Mexican art is reflected in his own work. Perhaps, having lived so much among the Mexicans, he can best interpret a primitive regard for color which seems to remain unaffected by European canons of taste, and can give our children what they spontaneously like. The intention of artist and composer to keep the pictures and music in harmony with the simple rhymes and within the grasp of a very young child has met with unusual success.

One might well suspect that the author of "A Surprise to the Children" is a close relative of Lewis Carroll and George MacDonald. We had nearly given up hope of a new tale of magic that would be plausible to contemporary children; but Mary Kennedy has achieved the miracle. It all began when the fairies, busy keeping the sunset clear, left an unsuspected Fairyland portal unguarded in Central Park, and two New York children sliding on a bit of ice found themselves suddenly on the other side of that wonderful opening. Marjorie was eight and her brother Michael only five; never had they had such a surprise. A tiny fairy named Falfion made them welcome and gave them gossamer clothes appropriate to that misty golden country; they rode a swimming white horse across a blue-green sea and chatted on the way with a melancholy mermaid. When they reached Beyond the Moon they were the means of disenchanting these two friends, and other fairy nobility as well. Every child will want to find out for himself how Marjorie and Michael finally got safely home. The illustrator, J. H. Dowd, has a light, sure touch, and has generously included the magic details which children like to have described in pictures as well as in words. Four musical compositions by Deems Taylor are integrated with the story. "The Song the Fairies Sang" is a charming and welcome lullaby, and the "Raindrop Song" has a lovely musical accompaniment full of vitality and cheerfulness; neither, however, seems to be within the usual range of the child who would be reading the story. They will like best the "March of the Wooden Beasts" which contains a variation of "London Bridge Is Falling Down" and "Farmer in the Dell." The last composition, "The Spell," is negligible; if children this age can swallow Wagner, they can take him straight.

ERRATUM

By one of those psychological errors easier to apologize for than to explain, our reviewer of Arthur D. Howden Smith's "Conqueror" speaks of Cortez, the hero of the book, as having conquered Peru and the Incas, and the proofreader followed the psychological red herring. The review itself, which praises a very readable book, makes it clear that the mistake was not due to ignorance of the text.

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The honor accords most appropriately with the publication of Mr Tarkington's latest novel, **PRESENTING LILY MARS**—"worthy of the dean of American novelists." Have you read it? It's a brilliant story of the N. Y. Theatre, and of a girl who ranks with Alice Adams as one of Mr. Tarkington's most vivid creations. ($2.50)

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PERSONALS

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EXPERIENCED ms. reader (English, French, German, Italian, Spanish) with published translations and numerous reviews to his credit, wants editorial reading, compilation, translation, rewriting. His broad general education includes critical knowledge of music. Full or part time; no speculative propositions. References. Box 384.

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GENTLEMAN invites correspondence from persons interested in life insurance annuities. Box 390.

QUERCUS justly praises the good work of Doctor Rosenbach in "Children's Books." It is only when Doctor dabbles in Elizabethan literature that he becomes funny. Doctor is over his head there; but gulps the guff, bull, and taffy handed him by the cheap, log-rolling, spineless, receptive profs of Eng. lit. that cannot dissociate "Shake-speare" or "Spenser" from "probably." Not one of the Colleges that hire Tucker Brooke, Leslie Hotson, Josiah Penniman dares come out frankly and back Rosy when he tells that "Spenser" inscribed his first Sonnet, Amoretti, to one Elizabeth Boyle in 1590. Yet the Colleges take his coin and pay him with initials. Pretty CHEAP I say. George Frisbee.

I, "SANDRA," am tall, cultured, philosophical. Desire friendship with young man of congruent personality.

ENGLISH girl, early thirties, would like play indoor tennis with gentleman. "Dutch Show."

WHY BE LONELY? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

NIMBLE MINDED young woman, cultural background, personable, charming conversationalist, wishes position secretary, companion, resident, traveling, typing, stenography. Box 391.

COUNTRY MOUSE immured in city wishes to escape via letter. Box 392.

IS THERE, near Boston, a man worldly-wise, fun-loving, and free to pursue a companionable friendship with a widow who values, above all, that quick-wittedness which lends gayety to any conversation? She likes music and books; prefers general intelligence to great intellect (not being deeply intellectual herself), and appreciates in character as in life that "infinite variety" so sadly lacking in the daily round. "Life Begins at Forty."

WANTED—position in book-shop, preferably near Boston, by young woman college graduate, eager to work and learn the business. CH.

IMAGINATION FOR SALE! Write verse —I'm ready to get my hat and go, When somebody starts, "I told you so!"; could write novel entertaining radio series; sprout ideas; want agent, publisher or job. Dorothy.

WRITER, anthropology student, ex-legal-patent stenographer, exiled lonely village duration depression, will knit lace blouses and dresses reasonably. ARDANTHE.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 358)

results than the devious manœuvers of coalition governments.

One of the most interesting chapters deals with the implications of the fact that most of the Nazi leaders are comparatively young men who have reacted against the hopelessness of the "lost generation." When read in conjunction with the discussion of the proposed new constitution and the short biographical sketches, this part of the book reveals much of the basic tone and purpose of the Third Reich. The explicit question of the title is wisely left unanswered, though there is a careful analysis of the disruptive elements within the swastika-spangled camp.

Religion

THE PROPHETS OF ISRAEL. By S. Parkes Cadman. Macmillan. 1933. $3.25.

Dr. Cadman has written some pleasant, but not particularly important, short sketches of the Hebrew prophets. These might well interest the very ordinary man in the pew, who usually knows next to nothing about the men who transformed Jehovah-ism from an obscure Semitic tribal cult into a moralized faith capable of expansion into a world-religion. Vivid as some of Dr. Cadman's thumb-nail character portraits are, it is precisely in this matter of growth that the book falls down. Moses at the beginning of Jewish history seems to the author a preacher of quite as mature a faith as the second Isaiah. Occasionally Dr. Cadman makes a little bow to the higher criticism, and he intimates that he respects it; but mostly he ignores all that it has revealed about the fascinating development of Hebrew religion. Perhaps that is as well in a series of chapters designed for the popular Christmas trade, and to adorn Frank Salisbury's paintings, reproductions of which (none too good) are the most prominent feature of the volume. Finally, we venture to say that the book is fairly expensive, considering its make-up and mechanics.

B. I. B.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archæology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

ART

Fine Prints of the Year 1933. Minton. $10.

BELLES LETTRES

Collected Essays, Papers, etc., of Robert Bridges. Vol. II. Oxford Univ. Pr. *Rainbows Over Rooftops.* H. S. Arthur. Stratford. $1. *This Our Day.* J. M. Gillis. Paulist Press. $4. *The Voice of Experience.* Dodd. $1.50.

HISTORY

French Royalist Doctrines Since the Revolution. C. T. Muret. Columbia Univ. Pr.

MISCELLANEOUS

Wining and Dining, with Rhyme and Reason. D. T. Carlisle and E. D. Minton. $1.50. *Peonies.* F. F. Rockwell. Macmil. $1. *Sunny Meadows.* T. Dreier. Stratford. $2. *Ford Models V-8 B and A Cars.* V. W. Pagé. Henley. $2.50. *The Life of a Tiger and the Life of an Elephant.* Sir S. Eardley-Wilmot. Longmans, Green. $1.40. *Sex Habits.* A. Berschke. Emerson Books, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York. $2.50. *Tropical Fishes as Pets.* C. W. Coates. Liveright. $2. *The Wonders of Ski-ing.* H. Schneider and A. Fanck. Scribners. $7.50.

POETRY

The Book of Good Love. J. Riaz. Trans. E. K. Kane. Privately printed. *Through a Broken Reed.* E. Tudor. Badger. *The Iliad of Homer.* Rendered into English Hexameter Verse by A. F. Murison. Longmans, Green. $3.50. *Riddle and Reverie.* L. Feeney. Macmil. $1.25. *Wild Pasture Pine.* W. W. Christman. Argus. $1.50. *The Works of Edmund Spenser.* Ed. E. Greenlaw, C. G. Osgood, and F. M. Padelford. Johns Hopkins Press.

PAMPHLETS

The New Deal and Tariff Policy. F. W. Fetter. Univ. of Chicago Pr. 25 cents. *Devaluation of the Dollar.* C. O. Hardy. Univ. of Chicago Pr. 25 cents. *Nothing Can Replace Music.* American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. *The Farm Act of* 1933. In Relief of Debtors. E. deS. Brunner. Teachers College. Two pamphlets. *The Changed Scene in Industry and Transportation. Funds and the Financial System. Unemployment Relief and Public Works.* L. Marshall. Three pamphlets. Teachers College. *The Defence of Poetry.* B. Croce. Oxford Univ. Pr. 40 cents. *A Sound Scientific Money System.* G. Lindenthal. Stratford. 50 cents.

RELIGION

Ancient Italy and Modern Religion. R. S. Conway. Macmil. $3.50. *Buddha's Teachings.* Lord Chalmers. Harvard Univ. Pr.

TRAVEL

Facts and Figures of Hawaii. L. B. Armstrong. New York: Snyder. $1.75. *A Pilgrimage to Tsuru-Ga. Oka.* C. A. Coan. Putnam. $2.50.

PERSONALS

RURAL LIVING has satisfactions—but—teacher, college graduate, travelled, widow, desires mental stimulus of alert correspondence with high-minded mature gentleman, internationally interested. New-England Conscience.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN (22), weary of local débutante chatter, wishes to correspond with young lady of intelligence and enthusiasm—preferably in twenties—to enjoy companionship in the study of human psychology and to lesser degree in things literary. Gissing.

SCHOOLMARM, 45, not unattractive, but lonely for suitable companionship, desires correspondence with cultured man of means who does not drink but likes conversation. Box 298.

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GEO. H. Unattached status not in danger. Better address? Priscilla.

WANTED—exchange of ideas on "Martyrdom of teaching in high school of deadening grind."—Robot.

WHAT would someone owning Mary Austin's "Everyman's Genius" sell it for? Budding.

MUSICAL girl 31, single, not unattractive, but isolated from congenial people, loves books, people, conversation, would appreciate correspondence with not too erudite men (single) or women willing to share ideas.—Dolores.

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CULTURED lady will board and rear infant or children. Unusual advantages. Box 395.

IS PHILADELPHIA so dead to culture that it cannot boast of one unattached man (preferably 35-45) who would prefer stimulating conversation to idle chatter, a pleasant fireside to a night club, and outdoor life to bridge? If so, why not come out of the heather and meet a bonnie lassie? Jeannie.

TYPOGRAPHER and book designer offers exceptional qualifications and proven ability for intelligent, constructive work with printer, publisher, or university press. Correspondence invited. Biblio.

STRAYED. A position, for which I have sought arduously. Who will help me find it? Am a widow, 42, unencumbered; managerial and executive experience and ability, but will accept anything whereby I may earn a livelihood. Not afraid of responsibility. Finder will be rewarded by 100% loyalty and cooperation. Address "Moira."

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YOUNG, attractive, professor's daughter wants job that will tax capacities. Two years abroad, three at art school. Music from cradle. College grad. Elaine.

PERSON interested in new avocation, wanted to sponsor meritorious literary venture. "Conservative."

PERSONAL

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞*Ulysses* and Alcohol became legal almost simultaneously. ☞Our irreverent correspondent R. K. L. remarks, of the general quietness on Repeal Night, "The newspapers, as usual, were full of boloney, trying to whoop things up into a sensation. As a matter of fact whatever drinking was done was like a man marrying a mistress of long standing. You couldn't expect a terrific celebration." ☞*Ulysses* will be published here, legally, in January; and, like the new drinking, will be taken calmly.

☞THE SATURDAY REVIEW has issued, for complimentary distribution among patrons who send two or more gift subscriptions for Christmas, a privately (and charmingly) printed booklet written by W. R. B.—*Reviewing Ten Years,* an intimate and behind-the-arras memoir of a decade's adventures in this office and some Phœnician observations on literature 1924-33. ☞The booklet is signed by the editors of the paper but N. B. that it is not distributed except on the conditions stated above. Two to five Gift Subscriptions can be sent for $3 each; six to nine G. S.'s for $2.50 each; ten or more for $2 each. ☞Poor Old Quercus, scratching his poll, here began to wonder if he was getting a bit balmy, then he suddenly saw an advt. from a neighbor of ours on 45th Street, suggesting ("For the Sweet Young Thing") a "Nutria Swagger Coat with Leopard Cat Vest" at $550; so there must be *someone* who still has jack. ☞Try your favorite Leopard Cat (and we used to know some when we were young) with a Gift Subscription and see if she won't swagger all the livelier. ☞That crowd at 523 Fifth Avenue the other day was trying to get into the store of John David, men's tailor, who suddenly opened a liquor annex. One innocent fellow, who went in only intending to buy a pair of breeks, got carried away in his excitement and came out with two bottles of creme de cocoa.

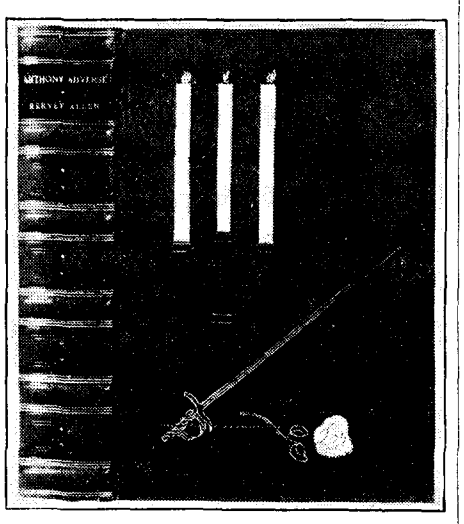
☞At the present time the town is buying its sherries from Macy's, whiskies from Abraham & Straus, champagnes from Bloomingdale's, cordials from John David. ☞Lane Bryant and Rogers Peet have not yet opened wet goods departments. ☞Buy books from a bookstore and wine from a wine merchant is poor old Quercus's oldfashioned idea.

☞Glad to see listed among the publications of Edwin Valentine Mitchell (whose delightful bookshop at 27 Lewis Street, Hartford, Conn., is the arena of all surviving Hartford wits) a reprint of Henri Murger's *Vie de Bohème*—translated under the title *Latin Quarter* ($2.50). This gay old book in its original French was the big thrill of Quercus's salad days—it is as soft and saccharine-squashy as an alligator pear. ☞Edwin Mitchell picks good editors for the reprints he publishes—e. g. Brooks Atkinson for G. M. Trevelyan's noble essay on *Walking.* ☞Carl Thurston writes that in southeastern Indiana is a town (or village?) called Quercus Grove. ☞We are pleased by the ventilators above Brentano's new Fifth Avenue frontage, they are designed in the pattern of a hospitable spider welcoming into his web a large inquisitive fly. ☞The Township Press, excellent printers in Roslyn, L. I., represented in town by our old friend John H. Bennett at 551 Fifth Avenue, are busy with a reprint of Julian Street's fine essay on *Civilized Drinking* which first appeared in the *Red Book Magazine.*

☞An admirable Xmas present: *Selected Essays of Oscar Firkins,* just published by the University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis ($2.50) which includes his superbly humorous and valiant "Man: A Character Sketch." ☞In Philip Duschnes (507 Fifth Avenue) latest catalogue we find another enchanting oddity for someone's silk stocking: *The Rose Garden of Omar Khayyam,* "the smallest printed book in the world," 1/8 inch wide, 1/8 inch high. Crimson morocco, 28 pp., together with its "matrix" (a book 5 x 6 inches) and proof sheets and explanatory matter —*and* a magnifying glass for reading it. 75 bucks.

☞We have a sequel about the girl who recently spent a week reading books in Putnam's window. (As you have probably heard, she was employed by Putnam's together with the three publishers whose books she read). You have probably also heard that the customers seemed to feel a certain embarrassment about standing on the sidewalk and gazing at her. One of the publishers felt that she might be lonely, and invited her out to lunch, but she declined. She was also offered three jobs during her week at the bookstore, one of them from a night club proprietor, but she turned them all down, with the somewhat irrelevant explanation that she had to go to Philadelphia.

☞Another publishing anecdote concerns Dick Simon and John Farrar. Dick wanted to call John up late one afternoon after office hours, and found that the house number was not listed in the directory. So he said to the young lady at the Farrar and Rinehart switchboard, "This is Hervey Allen. Can you give me Mr. Farrar's telephone number?" "Oh, yes, Mr. Allen," she replied; "it's———; and you might be interested to hear that *Anthony Adverse* sold 4,500 copies today." ☞Apropos of this, Ernst Reichl of the Wolff bindery has sent us a photograph of



the elegant binding made for the 200,000th copy of *Anthony,* presented to Franklin D. Roosevelt. We reproduce it herewith.

☞Among the many booksellers' Christmas catalogues we have seen, we particularly like those of the Holliday Bookshop and Alfred W. Paine—the latter Mr. Paine's Sixth Catalogue of Books Relating to Salt Water. ☞The Scribner Book Store has just issued an unusual, and typographically beautiful, list of First Editions of Music by Famous Composers, which will make your mouth water if you're inclined that way.

☞The Quercus Associates have a distinguished and unusual contribution this week, which we will allow to speak for itself, except to say that we don't know who wrote it. All we know is that the author is a publisher; your guess at identification is as good as ours.

Nira Khan

(A Fragment——But Enough.)

IN Washington did Nira Khan
A Code for Publishing decree.
So Alf, the sacred leader, ran
Through problems measureless to man,
And crossed the final "t."
For twice five sheets the screed unwound
With dulcet phrases girdled round;
And there were clauses bright for tenuous tills,
While blossomed many an interest-bearing tree;
And here, for houses ancient as the hills.
The peaceful management of rule and fee.
But O! that deep and darkling shade which slanted
Athwart the Code as younger firms broke cover;
A savage race! As wholly disenchanted
As e'er are those whom waning sales have haunted,
While vowing vainly losses to recover!
So in this shadow, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
The Opposition dire threats was breathing:
And mid the tumult Nira heard from far
The Code Committee prophesying war!
To business then! Away with leisure!
Let's meet midway, said the braves.
Each his words brought to such measure
As a situation saves.
It was a miracle, a rare device;
The Chairman new succeeded in a trice.
It was no Appletonian raid,
As on the Industry he played,
Singing loud "Cooperate!"
Could I revive within me
His arguments and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with praises loud and long
I would raise a fane in air.
That lofty dome! that judgment nice!
For all who heard him speaking there
Felt there was naught they need beware.
His flashing eyes, his silv'ring hair!
Let us cheer him three times thrice,
And sign the Code sans fear or dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And gone, the loaded pair of dice.

Acclaimed!

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